THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE second reading debate on the Irish Local Government Bill was opened on Thursday by a powerful speech from MR. SEXTON, who showed that MR. BALFOUR proposes to debar the Irish County Councils from the exercise of any initiative except in the limited breaking of stones and the conditional annihilation of destructive insects. The most flagrant of the many pretences in this Bill is the assumption that it will establish local government on the same lines which have been pursued in England and Scotland. What County Council in England is unable to spend a sixpence except by the consent of a committee of which the majority is composed of non-elective grand jurors and a sheriff? The Irish Attorney-General, prompted by MR. BALFOUR, minimised the Bill, described it as only a small part of the Unionist policy, denied that it was an alternative to Home Rule, and laboured hard to show that the only way to safeguard minorities is to cripple majorities. MR. DISRAELI might have argued with equal force in 1867 that the only safeguard for the proper exercise of the franchise by the working man is a certificate of good conduct signed by two Tory magistrates and a vicar.

LORD SALISBURY'S secretaries would have a busy time if he were to make many platform speeches. They would be entirely occupied in writing to repudiate the obvious meaning of his words. Whenever the Prime Minister delivers a particularly foolish address, we are sure to read a few days later this stereotyped sentence of the official apologist:—"Nor did he ever make any observation to which that interpretation could reasonably be affixed." In this convincing way were explained the incitement to rebellion in Ulster and the suggestion that circuses were more suitable for the rural electors than parish councils. With equal force LORD SALISBURY disclaimed any design to insult his Indian fellow-subjects by calling one of them a "black man," and to compare the Irish unfavourably with Hottentots. Some day these recurrent explanations may form a bulky volume of the curiosities of rhetoric; but meanwhile they are a little troublesome to a party which never knows whether its leader is serious, or whether he is merely treating domestic politics as an enlarged edition of the *Saturday Review*.

AT Hastings LORD SALISBURY was, if possible, even more foolhardy than at the Opera House. To choose the eve of a General Election for the advocacy of Fair Trade is a freak which may well fill the Prime Minister's followers and others with despairing disgust. LORD SALISBURY talked about retaliatory tariffs in the style of MR. HOWARD VINCENT; that is to say, he betrayed an invincible ignorance of the elementary laws of commerce. To tax luxuries from France while admitting raw material and food products from America is, as the *Times* puts it, "a lop-sided scheme," which would satisfy no class of the community, and make no better markets for our goods abroad. The Liberal Unionist leaders have assimilated a good deal of antiquated Toryism. Are they prepared to digest LORD SALISBURY'S resurrection pie of Protection, or will they wait till MR. SCHOMBERG McDONNELL favours them with the usual intimation that his chief does not mean what he said?

ON foreign affairs LORD SALISBURY speaks like a Prime Minister, on domestic affairs like the Grand Master of the Primrose League. At Hastings the Grand Master avowed with fresh emphasis his virulent animus against Irish Catholics. The Catholic "hoof"—another of the courtesies which take up so much of MR. SCHOMBERG McDONNELL'S time—must not be planted on the Protestant North. Unlike Ireland, Canada is united in race and religion, for the Grand Master has never heard of the Canadian rebellion fifty years ago, and does not know that Quebec is Catholic and French. He is equally unaware that outside of Belfast the Ulster Catholics have a majority in the whole province, that they return a majority of members to the House of Commons, and that the so-called Protestant North is cribb'd and confined within the counties of Down and Antrim. He quotes the Nonconformist ministers of Ulster as the highest authorities; though if the Welsh Nonconformist ministers were quoted as the highest authorities on the sentiment of the majority of Welshmen, he would treat the suggestion with aristocratic contempt. In a word, the Grand Master was worthy to be meekly echoed by SIR HENRY JAMES, who had not the candour in his speech at Cardiff to arraign as treason the very incitement to civil war which he condemned six years ago.

MR. BALFOUR'S announcement that the Vote on Account will be taken for a month or six weeks has increased the uncertainty about the Dissolution. It is thought by some to mean that the General Election will come early in July, and by others that the Session will run its normal course. If the Estimates are to be taken after the Whitsuntide holidays, they cannot occupy much less than a month; so by the end of July the House of Commons may be still sitting. On the other hand, this procedure would be a distinct slight to the honour and glory of the Irish Local Government Bill, which MR. BALFOUR is anxious to vindicate at the polls, but not to carry through Parliament. It is significant that no Unionist has expressed the smallest desire to see this measure grace the Statute-book, though as a point of etiquette MR. BALFOUR'S followers will troop into the division lobby on the second reading.

MUCH is made by the Ministerial prints of the disputes over the amalgamation of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *National Press*. MR. DILLON has criticised MR. HEALY, and MR. HEALY has shown that his vocabulary is not suffering from atrophy. To English Home Rulers these personal differences have no political concern. They may note with some amusement that MR. DILLON, who was supposed by the Unionists to be the puppet of ARCHBISHOP WALSH, has spoken his mind about that prelate with a freedom which puppets do not usually display. So much for the absurd notion that the Irish party, or any section of it, is under the heel of DR. WALSH. Moreover, the controversy ended on Thursday in the almost unanimous election of MR. DILLON as chairman of the *Freeman's Journal* Company, on a motion seconded by MR. HEALY.

But what all this has to do with Home Rule is not apparent. LORD SALISBURY, in one of the observations to which "that interpretation" cannot "reasonably be affixed," described his relative and colleague, LORD DERBY, as rather worse than TITUS OATES; but the memory of that pleasantry does not prevent LORD DERBY from co-operating with his kinsman in the policy which stirs up Orange bigots and slanders Irish Catholics. MR. CHAMBERLAIN was once stigmatised by LORD SALISBURY as no better than JACK CADE, an expression, by the way, which the Premier's secretaries, in the great pressure of more recent business, have overlooked. This has not prevented JACK CADE from consorting with the Lord of Hatfield and other unransomed aristocrats. Why Irish affairs should not be administered by Irishmen with at least as much brotherly love as LORD SALISBURY has at various times expressed towards pretty nearly every one of his present associates is certainly not obvious.

THE Women's Liberal Federation have most sensibly adopted a compromise on the female suffrage question. While this proposal is retained in the programme of the Federation, it is not to be made a test issue at the General Election, but the energies of the Liberal ladies are to be devoted to the task of ensuring MR. GLADSTONE'S return to office. The compromise was adopted almost unanimously, after a speech from LADY CARLISLE which was an excellent example of feminine tact. The idea that the pamphlet in which MR. GLADSTONE defined his attitude towards female suffrage would set the Federation by the ears, and introduce a potent engine of discord into the Liberal camp, is thus shown to be baseless. The objections to the franchise for women are in no degree impaired by this turn of affairs, especially as the Federation would go a great deal further than SIR ALBERT ROLLIT and MR. BALFOUR; but the controversy is removed from direct contact with practical politics.

THE conversation of Monday in the House of Commons leaves the question of Kanaka labour in Queensland in a thoroughly unsatisfactory position. The law passed by the Colonial Government is already in force, subject to disallowance by the Crown when its text arrives. It introduces more stringent regulations; but their nature is unknown. The Government will not telegraph to inquire; and when they arrive, some weeks hence, it is more than probable that both the Ministry and the House will be too much engaged with the preparations for the Dissolution to bestow on them the careful attention they deserve. Moreover we want to know not only the text of the regulations—the laws even of the worst Governments are in style and contents frequently unexceptionable—but how they are enforced, and by whom? We willingly grant that the labour agents who sail with every ship engaged in the traffic may one and all be men of unflinching rectitude and high moral courage. But—in a colony where almost any career is more attractive than that of a Civil Servant, outside the towns—we should like to know more precisely what kind of people they are. When they are aboard, moreover, what happens to them if they do not occasionally shut their eyes? Is it true, as stated (it is not antecedently improbable), that Kanakas are so far unsuitable to the service that the death-rate among some shiploads has been 17, 22, or 24 per cent.? Finally, what opportunities has a Kanaka labourer for setting in motion the Court of the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific? When the matter is raised afresh in the House, as we hope it may be soon, these questions ought to be answered. The letter of the Agent-General for Queensland in Monday's *Times* certainly does not answer them. And, once more, why not Indian coolies? Is British Guiana any the worse for their presence?

THE correspondence between SIR AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON and MR. ERLE, a Master of the Law Courts, is curious but unedifying. For six months the Public Prosecutor vainly strove to persuade the judges to allow him to take copies of the documents impounded in the HURLBERT case. He contended that these were necessary to any attempt to obtain MR. HURLBERT'S extradition. If they were, the judges have contributed to a miscarriage of justice; if they were not, the Public Prosecutor is unfit for his functions. This is a dainty dilemma to set before a Lord Chancellor who says the machinery of the law is perfect.

THE Stock Markets have been much quieter this week. Although the continued accumulation of unemployed money must stimulate investment for a considerable time to come, investment buying has certainly been on a smaller scale than last week. There has been some decline, though not much, in the prices of all high-class securities, such as Consols and Colonial Stocks; and the ordinary stocks of the Home Railway Companies have decidedly given way. That is due, however, not so much to any change of opinion amongst investors as to speculative selling by operators in the Stock Exchange. The railway traffic returns last week compared with the week before Whitsuntide last year, and, therefore, they do not look favourable. Stock Exchange operators have seized upon this to sell speculatively. They will, however, effect little for themselves, for investment buying will be surely stimulated by the decline. The American department has been depressed by the great floods in the Mississippi River, doing terrible damage to life and property, stopping local traffic upon the railways, and endangering great bridges. On the other hand, the market for South African Gold shares has been more active, and there has been a decided rise in Inter-Bourse securities; especially Greek, Spanish, and Portuguese have advanced. M. TRICOUPIS' victory inspires a hope that Greek finance will be put upon a sound footing, and speculators on the Continent are buying actively. The prospect of a loan of five millions to the Portuguese Government has also encouraged buying of Portuguese bonds, and the exceeding cheapness of money all over the Continent makes it probable that Spain also will be able to get a loan, and so to keep her engagements for some time at all events.

THE Money Market is, if possible, easier even than last week. The discount rate in the open market has fallen to about $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and loans for short periods are freely made at from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. And the ease upon the Continent and in the United States is nearly as great as it is here. Bankers are refusing to take deposits in New York, and in Paris the Bank of France has reduced its rate of discount from 3 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The rate has not been changed since February 7, 1889. It is found impossible, however, to keep it up longer. Everywhere, therefore, unemployed money is accumulating, and that after a while must result in a revival of enterprise and an increase in speculation. In the meantime, bankers are hard put to it to earn dividends, and bill-brokers and discount-houses are in an equally difficult position. The silver market is stagnant. There has been an advance this week in the price of the metal to $40\frac{3}{16}$d. per oz., as speculators have been somewhat encouraged by our Government's acceptance of the United States' invitation to an International Bimetallic Conference. Probably speculation may increase somewhat, but it is difficult under any circumstances to raise the price.

THE DECLINE OF LORD SALISBURY.

MOST public men have two characters—that which passes with the public who see and know them only from afar, and that which is known to their intimates and associates. Occasionally a public man breaks down the barrier between himself and the great outside world by some piece of self-revelation which illumines the whole inner life and character. For a good many years the Marquis of Salisbury passed for a man of unusual austerity of political virtue. The stand he made against Mr. Disraeli's abandonment of the whole Tory position in 1867; the equally strong stand he made against the supposed intention to desert the Irish Church; the years of exclusion from official recognition which he suffered in consequence—all these things led the public to form an estimate of the Marquis of Salisbury at once sinister and flattering. On the one hand, he was regarded as an aristocrat with more than the usual amount of aristocratic *morgue* and narrowness; on the other, he excited the admiration which people are always ready to bestow on the honest upholding of any doctrines however absurd.

For some time after he joined the second Ministry of Mr. Disraeli this character was maintained. It was known that he was in strong and sometimes violent dissent from the Jingo policy of his chief; and society repeated with great gusto the *mot* that his feeling towards Lord Beaconsfield had risen from dislike to loathing. This was the period when Lord Salisbury sarcastically recommended the employment of large maps to the Russophobes who were screaming themselves hoarse in the chorus of frenzied and drunken admiration for the provocative and perilous policy of the head of the Government. Then came the resignation of Lord Derby, and the abrupt, the indecently hurried, transformation of Lord Salisbury's opinions from condemnation to approval of the worst features of the Jingo policy: the open proclamation of that jealousy of Russia which he had so vigorously derided, and the vulgar vituperation of the fallen Minister with whose policy he was supposed to have fully sympathised. It only required the historic answer on the Schouvaloff memorandum to confirm the growing suspicion that the Salisbury of stern and unbending virtue whom even his political opponents had fashioned to themselves was a phantasm of uninformed imagination.

The suspicion has been growing for some years that the intellectual reputation of the Prime Minister may have a foundation as unreal as that of his political integrity, and that suspicion will be largely confirmed by the two utterances with which he has recently favoured the world. It is surely inconsistent with any theory of real political aptitude that the head of a great party at the very moment when that party is seeking a renewal of political power from the constituencies should make speeches so hopelessly foolish, so palpably damaging, as to call forth the open rebuke of some of the best organs of the party and the even more eloquent absence of approval in quarters where everything Lord Salisbury says ought to be sure of immediate approval. His speech of Wednesday night is openly disavowed in certain portions by both the *Times* and the *Standard*; but this is not so remarkable as the fact that Mr. Balfour, speaking a day or two after his previous utterance, should have passed by in absolute silence the sinister and iniquitous invitation to Ulster to rebel.

It must be remembered that the indiscretions of the last two speeches do not stand alone; on the contrary, they are the lineal descendants of similar imprudences in the past. An ex-Minister for India, he threw at an Indian subject a taunt that will lie rankling in millions of Indian hearts for generations to come. Just as the second reading of the Home Rule Bill lay trembling in the balance, he almost saved Home Rule and Mr. Gladstone by his advocacy of twenty years' coercion. To Irishmen, still humiliated by a crushing defeat at the polls, he once more gave the inspiration and courage of consuming wrath by a comparison of them to the Hottentots. And now, just as the whole fate of the rival Irish policies hangs trembling in the balance, he comes out with a policy so reckless, perilous, and unscrupulous as to be a better defence of his opponents than anything the most eloquent of them could say for themselves.

It is urged in defence of Lord Salisbury by lame apologists that he lives a life of such seclusion as to be ignorant of the currents of popular feeling; and then they lament the fate which drove him from the House of Commons in the very crisis and promise of his political life. But the defence will not carry his apologists far. Lord Salisbury, though he does not belong to the House of Commons now, was a member of that body for some fifteen years; he is in daily communication with colleagues who can tell him everything that goes on there; and he has many prompters to keep him informed of the temper of the nation. If, under these circumstances, he is so utterly unable to gauge public feeling and party interests as always to come into violent collision with both, it argues an intellectual want which no information and no change of circumstances would alter. It looks very much as if we should have to revise our second estimate of Lord Salisbury as well as our first; as if, having long since destroyed the legend of his inflexible integrity, we should be compelled to follow by making equally complete destruction of the theory of his intellectual supremacy. Lord Salisbury as the man of political genius is rapidly disappearing into the same limbo as Lord Salisbury as the man of honour and veracity and incorruptible principle whom we buried fourteen years ago.

SHABBY FINANCE.

LAST Monday's debate on the Budget has been succeeded by more showy and sensational events. But its importance as an exposure of Mr. Goschen's schemes can hardly be overrated. For the first time the Chancellor of the Exchequer was compelled to answer, or to admit that he could not answer, the indictment first framed by Sir Thomas Farrer. Mr. Goschen tried to make out that Sir William Harcourt's comprehensive and masterly speech was stale, that it repeated charges which had been already disproved. But this attempt to mislead the House and the country failed with all the ignominy it deserved. No doubt the accusations had been made before, but Mr. Goschen had never vouchsafed any reply to them. If a Member of Parliament addressing his constituency makes an obvious arithmetical blunder in a financial argument, the local paper is sent to Mr. Goschen, and, with a fine display of virtuous indignation, he corrects the error. Sir Thomas Farrer's elaborate and sustained criticism would never have been noticed at all if Mr. Goschen's last Liberal predecessor at the Exchequer had not repeated it where official silence is impossible. Mr. Goschen was challenged on Monday to show that his surpluses were real and not fictitious. He studiously evaded the question. Sir William Harcourt cited the figures for three successive years, and proved that in each case the amount borrowed exceeded, once slightly, twice enormously, the estimated balance of revenue over expenditure. Mr. Goschen appears to think that a fictitious surplus is quite as good as a genuine one. All the Chancellor

of the Exchequer has to do is to make a balance-sheet which looks fair, and to say that any attempt to criticise it unfavourably is an instance of jealousy inspired by greed for office. This is a simple and primitive method of controversy. But it is not, as Mr. Goschen has discovered, quite conclusive. If a man who is paying off his creditors in annual instalments becomes richer by diminishing the sum set apart each year for the purpose, then Mr. Goschen's surpluses imply an increase of national prosperity. But if the contrary be the case, if liabilities are a source of poverty and not of wealth, then the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has been trading on popular ignorance and obtaining credit by means of false pretences. Mr. Goschen's remissions of taxation are, of course, facts, and not fallacies. But they have only been made possible by tampering with the Sinking Fund, by diminishing in a time of unbroken prosperity and profound peace the pittance which this rich country devotes to the redemption of the National Debt.

Mr. Goschen has good reason to regret the abuse which he showered upon Sir Stafford Northcote for "spreading" over several years the cost of Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern adventures. When Benedick swore he would die a bachelor, he did not think he should live to get married. When Mr. Goschen described Sir Stafford's finance as "shabby, flabby, and inadequate," he did not know that he would sin like Lord Iddesleigh without the excuse of a militant Premier. Lord Salisbury, to whom on a celebrated occasion Mr. Goschen declared that he would never give a "blank cheque," has given Mr. Goschen a good many. He has not embarked on perilous enterprises or wasted the national substance in ostentatious menaces of war. Mr. Goschen had to find for the Admiralty and the War Office the money which Lord Randolph Churchill resigned rather than provide. But he might easily have raised it from the revenue of the year if he had not persisted in manufacturing surpluses and bribing various classes with various boons. The opportunities which Mr. Goschen has lost are almost as numerous and striking as the blunders he has made. To reduce the Sinking Fund by three millions a year, to borrow unnecessarily seven millions sterling, to withdraw the shipbuilding vote from the House of Commons for seven years, are serious mistakes. But Mr. Goschen would have gone a long way towards wiping them out if he had divided the rates between owner and occupier, or if, above all, he had remodelled the succession duties on a reasonable footing. Ever since Mr. Pitt, with all his influence, failed to obtain from an assembly of landowners the equal taxation of money and land, the unequal treatment of real and personal estate has been a public scandal. Mr. Goschen could have put an end to it. The House now represents all classes, instead of one class. The Tories dare not have opposed him, and many of them would not have wished to do so. With the support of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party he could have carried the greatest fiscal reform since Mr. Gladstone's famous Budgets as Chancellor of the Exchequer to Lord Palmerston. But Mr. Goschen was unequal to the task. His Liberalism had been left at the door of the Tory Cabinet. His own book on rates notwithstanding, he has kept their whole burden on the shoulders of the occupier, and the irregularities of the succession duty he has left where he found them. His Budget of 1888 was a good one, he has taken twopence off the income tax, lowered the duty on tea, and relieved the occupiers of small houses. But he has not pursued any consistent policy, and his new way of paying old debts would lead to bankruptcy in the long run.

THE INDIAN COUNCILS ACT.

THE Indian Councils Act, which will have been passed within a few days, makes a cautious advance on the lines of previous enactments towards strengthening the representative element in the legislative assemblies of India. It is commonly known that the Councils, when they meet for law-making, are composed partly of official members, and partly of non-official independent persons, who are selected and nominated by the Governor-General or the Provincial Governors (as the case may be) either on their general reputation or for special qualifications to deal with particular measures. The new Act makes a considerable increase in the number of these notables, and invests all members with a conditional right of interpellation. Their functions are no longer confined strictly to debate and decision upon Bills introduced; they can, under certain restrictions, raise discussion upon the annual Budget statement, and ask questions regarding any administrative matter or proceeding.

It will be observed that this legislative constitution still lacks that essential characteristic of popular self-government which is embodied in the practice of electing members by some kind of suffrage; and this omission has naturally been stigmatised as a radical defect by the more uncompromising reformers in England and in India. The present Act, however, does go so far as to empower the Governor-General to make rules as to the conditions of nomination to the Councils, with the avowed object of encouraging the Indian Governments to lose no opportunity of infusing some tincture of the electoral element into the body politic. It is well understood that the Governor-General is expected henceforward so to regulate his nominations as to obtain delegates from any substantial association, political or social, professional or academic, municipal or commercial, that may have assumed a corporate form or character, and that can be fairly taken as representing any important interest or class. Nevertheless, this arrangement is rather suggested than expressed; it intimates a policy but makes no pledge; it concedes an occasional privilege, but it withholds the inherent right. According to those Western ideas which have been generated out of long struggles against despotic kings and bureaucracies, such a concession is delusive and shadowy. On the other hand, it is an inveterate and traditional principle of Oriental administration that a Government which relaxes ever so little its firm and incontestable grasp of the sword and the purse incurs a great risk of weakening its power to face the dangers of internal disorder and external attack by which every Asiatic rulership is, as a matter of fact, incessantly surrounded. And undoubtedly it would be a serious error for the English in India to act as if their dominion were not still exposed within and without to the dangers inseparable from its situation.

Between these currents of conflicting opinion the position of the English in India is extraordinarily difficult. They are alternately denounced as reactionary bureaucrats and rash innovators. On one side the leaders of the National Indian Congress, who represent the borrowed light and learning of Western Europe, protest against the political stinginess which would deny to educated natives an authoritative voice in the affairs of their own country. On the other side the intense conservatism of the propertied classes in India, the landholders and bankers, is backed by all the influence of the religious castes, and by the jealousy of the old-fashioned Mohammedans, in disliking the importation of foreign political machinery that will uproot the old order of things and throw power into the hands

of a party whose intentions and capacity they equally distrust. The English would willingly connect their sovereign authority with popular institutions if a practicable method of adjustment could by any ingenuity be devised; and there is a magnanimous simplicity about the prospect of admitting two hundred and fifty millions of our fellow-subjects to the glorious privileges of Parliamentary government. But the mere mention of this vast population suggests enormous preliminary obstacles; and a very slight examination of the conditions of the question would show that any plan for the effective representation of the Indian people would involve a fundamental reconstruction of the whole existing system of administration. The official members, who, after all, represent the English dominion, would be totally submerged in the flood of independent deputies; and it would become quite impossible for the English governors to control, direct, or remain responsible for legislative proceedings. It is not surprising that earnest but inexperienced native reformers should overlook or undervalue these difficulties; but the truth is that no scheme has yet been devised which offers any prospect or means of surmounting them.

It is quite possible, however, to place every Indian Government in contact with responsible native counsellors, whose advice and co-operation it should be bound to obtain in all important business. The establishment for this purpose of Legislative Councils at the headquarters of every local administration should be accepted as a principle of public policy, to be steadily kept in sight and gradually carried out. The population of the smallest Indian province is reckoned in millions; that of the largest is counted by tens of millions; there is a growing need for decentralisation, for a redistribution of the powers reserved at present to the Supreme Government, for strengthening and multiplying local centres of authority. The subdivision of these vast administrative areas into circles of reasonable magnitude and manageable extent will facilitate the gradual devolution of political powers, and will encourage the building up of provincial autonomies by laying their foundations upon a practicable scale. The art and theory of self-government prescribe, as an essential condition of effective Home Rule, this formation of spheres of local administration within the range and under the general jurisdiction of the national sovereignty. Within such limits it is of great advantage to invest independent assemblies with considerable powers of superintendence over administrative proceedings, and to associate them with the executive and financial authorities in all measures of provincial importance. Nor, in fact, is it possible to maintain the progress of moral and material improvements except with the aid and upon the responsible advice of properly constituted representatives of the wants and wishes of the people. Under such a system there would be far less reason for apprehending confusion from the introduction of elective constituencies; and the period within which some kind of voting franchise might hereafter come into play would be certainly shortened.

In the meantime India is under a *régime* that is infinitely superior to any other Asiatic rule, and that in mildness and liberality, in steadiness and integrity, quite equals any average Government in Europe. The Indian people stand in no need of representative institutions for the purpose of wresting civil and religious liberty from autocrats or from oligarchies; they already possess a very large measure of civic freedom; the law is supreme; and on theological questions the rulers are strictly neutral. They have already open access to public employ and to the high offices of the Civil Service; for in India the way to place and power does not lie through the doors and lobbies of representative chambers. They cannot, and, indeed, the majority do not, expect that the advance of their country toward self-government should be otherwise than slow and tentative; and they should balance impartially the gains and drawbacks of a dependency which is under the protection and guidance of such a nation as England. "As men give away some natural liberty to enjoy civil advantage, so they must sacrifice some civil liberties for the advantages to be derived from the communion and fellowship of a great Empire." These words were spoken by Burke, a true friend to liberty and to India, and their weight should be felt by every Indian politician.

M. TRICOUPIS' TRIUMPH.

THE general election in Greece last Sunday has proved the wisdom and good sense of that electorate which is at once the most intelligent and most excitable in Europe. M. Tricoupis, whose party lost quite half its members at the general election in November, 1890, now returns to power—in a House enlarged from 150 to 217—with a majority without parallel in the history of Parliamentary Government. M. Deliyannis' adherents at present number thirty at most, while the Third Party, which last March was called upon to furnish a *Cabinet d'Affaires* pending the elections, has suffered the fate of all third parties, and disappeared even more completely. Only the Cyclades as yet are known to have declared definitely for M. Deliyannis, and almost all his former colleagues have disappeared. M. Rhallis, the Nationalist, who originally created the Third Party, is his sole representative in Attica. M. Tricoupis' success, indeed, was expected, but his most confident supporters did not hope for more than a two-thirds majority of the House. In fact, it is one of three-fourths, if not four-fifths. Till the last few days the Deliyannists have been equally confident, though latterly the violent language of their leader and his scarcely veiled threats of revolution have indicated that he at least foresaw the result. His attacks on the King and the foreign capitalists, whose machinations he alleged had depressed Greek credit, have now found their fitting response. He retires—not, as in 1886, virtually by *force majeure* exercised by the squadrons of the Great Powers, but by the deliberately expressed will of the people. Greek funds advanced three or four per cent. at once, and are still rising. M. Tricoupis returns to power, pledged to restore the credit of Greece, and, for the present at any rate, to curb its natural impulses to rush at the first opportunity into a war with the Turk.

Had the event been otherwise the consequences would have been serious enough for Europe and absolutely fatal to Greece. M. Deliyannis' success would have meant in the first place the abdication of the King, who took on himself to dismiss him last March. Now the King has not always been personally popular; but his presence is at least a guarantee of the stability of the most satisfactory Government Greece has ever had. In the next place, it would have meant the domination of the army, whose officers have before now showed a dangerous tendency to independence. Finally, it would have foreshadowed an attack on Turkey at the earliest possible opportunity—either next time there is a disturbance in Crete, or more probably on the Thessalian frontier, where recent brigandage offers ample opportunities for a quarrel with the Porte. Meanwhile, the country would have been on the verge of

bankruptcy. The gold premium even last week was 45 per cent.—higher, we think, than it was just before the blockade in 1886—business was at a standstill, and there were grave doubts as to the payment even of the next coupon. Now these doubts are ended. Order succeeds chaos, peaceful reorganisation of the finances takes the place of warlike preparations, and Europe is relieved of a source of alarmist rumours which would have much more intrinsic credibility than most of those which obtained currency last year. This election, too, shows a marked improvement in the self-control of the Greek people. There has been violence—mostly on the part of the Deliyannists; we hear of rioting, of *pistolismoi*, of *tromokratia* (which is journalistic Greek for a reign of terror), and here and there of loss of life; Government pressure, too, has been exercised in the usual manner; but in all these respects previous elections have been far worse. Greek excitability being what it is, the comparative order hitherto preserved does great credit to the Greek character.

At the same time we must not suppose that the ultimate results of M. Tricoupis' return are necessarily less dangerous to the peace of Europe than would have been the re-election of a compact Deliyannist majority. When M. Tricoupis fell in 1890 he was believed with good reason to be meditating a sudden attack on one of the Turkish islands on the Ægean. Only last week he reminded deputations from the Macedonian and Epirote Greeks resident in the Greek kingdom that Greece claimed Macedonia and Epirus, and demanded the continued remembrance and devotion of their Greek inhabitants. It was he who increased the navy, the true right arm of Greece in her conflict with the Turk. There are times when no Minister can resist popular pressure—least of all in Greece, with a Hellas Unredeemed far greater than her own dominion and a commercial and maritime population resident outside her own boundaries, which, relatively to her own population and resources, is greater and far more important than is the non-resident citizen body even of Germany or of England. For it must be remembered that since the very dawn of history the main strength and wealth of Greece has lain outside the limits of the present kingdom. It is the fashion to talk now as if Greece were as self-contained as France. But there has always been a Greater Greece—now in Asia, now extended to include Southern Italy and Cyrene, now in the Hellenised East, now in Macedonia and the Turkish shore of the Ægean, as well as in Egypt and London. Macedonia and Epirus Greece claims by right, and with the knowledge that the favourite of Europe is Bulgaria. She does not want war with the Balkan States. M. Tricoupis himself has made overtures for the formation of a Balkan Confederation. But she is determined that this portion of the heritage of the Turk shall not, if she can help it, fall under the dominion of the Austrian Emperor or of the Russian or Bulgarian Slav. The difference, in fact, between M. Deliyannis and M. Tricoupis is this: M. Deliyannis would disturb the peace of Europe recklessly and without counting the cost; M. Tricoupis will make such preparations as will some day enable Greece to interfere in European complications to some effect. No Greek statesman can seriously contemplate that his country should remain as she is. But Greece wants roads and railways; she wants a navy; she wants internal order and good credit abroad; and the means to all these things is sound finance. That means is in the hands of M. Tricoupis alone. He may be some time preparing it; but the result will some day justify the new-found patience of the Greek electorate.

THE PRESIDENTIAL OUTLOOK IN AMERICA.

THE political situation in the United States has become clearer since we last drew attention to the dangers which beset the Reform party from differences on the Silver question and the machinations of Senator Hill. Everything now points to two results: the nomination of Mr. Cleveland as the Democratic Presidential candidate at the National Convention to be held at Chicago next month; and the acceptance of Mr. Blaine's letter, that he would not be a candidate, as final—despite the efforts of his henchmen to make a bogey of his political ghost. The Silver difficulty solved itself by the disappearance of the Bland Bill, and is now going the way of the greenback delusion which threatened to wreck the Democratic party in 1875. Differences of opinion on silver will not influence the selection of the Presidential candidate. Hill, again, who two months ago hoped to cajole the Democratic party to accept him instead of Cleveland, and who succeeded in obtaining the nomination of a snap convention of his own creation in New York State, finds that his schemes have miscarried, and that he is stranded. He made a tour in the Southern States, but it was a miserable failure. His manipulation of the political "machine" has only had the effect of closing the ranks of Mr. Cleveland's supporters.

Mr. Cleveland has in the meantime held aloof from the contaminating influences of the "Boss." His nomination, more than any Presidential selection in history, came spontaneously from the public. He has spoken seldom; schemed not at all. He has maintained a dignified attitude, kept his hands clean, and his policy straight. The result is that the sentiment in his favour increases; his personality raises the hopes and awakens the enthusiasm of his party. East, west, north, and south have declared for him. Of the delegates now chosen for the National Convention two-thirds are in his favour, and, if they abide by their instructions, his nomination is certain. He is the strongest and safest candidate the Democrats can find.

The Republicans will have to fall back on Harrison. There is an anti-Harrison section who have been mainly trying to "boom" Blaine, and, failing him, have suggested Senator Sherman, who says he has no Presidential aspirations, and after him Governor McKinley. The nominal author of McKinleyism would be a good selection so far as the tariff reform party are concerned. For that reason his nomination is more than improbable. All the 900 delegates who select the Republican nominee have been chosen, and over 600 of them have either been instructed to vote for, or are favourable to, the nomination of Harrison. As the dispenser of patronage and the commander of an army of political hacks, Mr. Harrison naturally receives the support of interested party "heelers" and place-hunters. But the reading of the political horoscope at the present time points to the selection of Harrison on the one side and Cleveland on the other. The main issue will be, of course, the tariff question. Harrison, who was a "dark horse" in 1888, and is still a man without personal magnetism, will be the champion of McKinleyism, which has brought disaster to many industries and made life harder for the mass of the people. As President he has accentuated every abuse in American politics, and his nepotism, his extravagant distribution of patronage, and the administrative scandals which have disgraced his Presidential career, will all contribute to bring about his defeat.

THE NEW PIRACY.

WITH the controversy between the *Times* and the *St. James's Gazette* we have no desire at this stage to meddle in any way. The Judge has taken time to consider his decision, and, until it is known, we reserve all comments upon the case. But the litigation incidentally suggests questions of principle and general interest to literature, journalism, and, not least, art which cannot too soon be settled. There was a time when plagiarism was deemed the sin of sins. A writer detected copying was treated like a pickpocket or welsher. The worst that could be said of an author or a journalist was that he was a plagiarist, and men took care to avoid this stigma. In many places, we hear, there is a decay of common honesty in this respect. It is the Age of Plagiarism—plagiarism unblushing and unashamed; plagiarism without squeamishness or scruples. The elder Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," mentions a quack named Richesource, who wrote a guide to the literary pilferer, showing how to mutilate an author's productions so that he could not recognise them. The bold freebooter of to-day is above such arts. He sells the stolen brooms exactly as he took them. It may be pointed out that a sermon is almost word for word identical with another already printed; that a poem is made up of expressions and whole lines borrowed with slight alterations; that the best bits in a speech are to be found in a well-known volume; that a large part of a particular copy of a newspaper is made up of extracts "conveyed" without acknowledgment from another journal; that the whole idea of a picture in the Academy is taken from something exhibited in last year's Salon. Preacher, poet, journalist, and painter scarcely care to deny their turpitude. "Why not?" they ask in a righteous tone. They take high ground. The persons whose goods they have taken ought to be pleased; if they have involuntarily reproduced the language or ideas of others it is a tribute of respect, an act of homage, to be graciously received, not churlishly resented; and it is almost impudently suggested that the conditions under which modern plays are written, pictures painted, and journals compiled, are incompatible with the old-fashioned notions of morality on this head. The plagiarist, who once did his work furtively, like a pickpocket or an area-sneak, now swaggers, perhaps talks big about his duty to lay his hands upon all he can get, and takes what he covets in a large, bold, piratical fashion. Some people, it would seem, are bent upon establishing literary communism. It is to be all "give and take," say those who have nothing to give. You are to be free to crib what you like. If you are detected you are to brazen it out, and say that Molière and Shakespeare did the like. If a journal styled the "Literary Detector," devoted to the exposure of abuses of this kind, were compiled from week to week by a considerable staff of collators, assisted by correspondents, it would disclose the existence of some plagiarism of a very impudent kind. In the absence of such a journal it might be suggested that enterprising editors, fond of eliciting curious statistical results with the aid of their readers, should offer prizes to correspondents who named the ten greatest plagiarists of the age, or should open their columns to expressions of opinion as to the most larcenous of their contemporaries.

In fairness we must make one or two admissions on this subject. Everyone must be free to make full use of the common stock of information. It is vanity to parade the appearance of learning and research when the writer has merely tapped Dr. Smith's dictionaries, or Elisée Reclus's pleasant volumes. It is vanity, but not plagiarism. The chances of innocently and unconsciously repeating expressions first uttered long ago multiply. *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt* must often be said in all sincerity. "The autumn moon seen through trees," "the return of the fishing-boats," "the death of the firstborn," "a storm at sea"—we take these themes at random from picture catalogues, and ask whether, in the absence of supreme genius, they can be treated in a novel fashion by painter or poet. Another reservation must be made. A writer, whose name is not necessary for our argument, has a way of repeating expressions and thoughts to be found in much the same form in certain modern French authors. He is no vulgar plagiarist; he has merely the faculty, highly developed, of unconscious reminiscence. But when all allowance is made for innocent reproduction and the temptations incident to the rapid production of modern literature and journalism, the magnitude of the evil and the licentious freedom of the plagiarist must be admitted. We will take one form of it as an example. Messrs. Kelly, who publish their useful directories, no doubt, at a great outlay of capital, would make short work of a rival who borrowed without acknowledgment or leave the results of their labour. Let a similar thing be done in art or literature or journalism, and the chance is that it will go unpunished. A new book may be the outcome of years of research; the contents of it may be condensed into an article which does not refer, except incidentally and in a cavilling way, to the volume which has been put under contribution. A single letter by a special correspondent may represent two or three hundred pounds of outlay; it is boldly borrowed word for word by some journal without a single reference to the true owner. On the Stock Exchange or in Mincing Lane such things would not be tolerated. Why should such malpractices pass unreproved in literature? We are quite aware of the inconveniences of recognising anything like copyright in news or information. But, recollecting the enormous advantages given to the mechanical inventor as compared with the position of the journalist or author, we cannot but think that the Courts should strive to give ampler protection to the form of literary productions.

For the evils glanced at we have no panacea to offer. But if things are to be mended or not to become worse, it can only be by the maintenance on the part of authors and artists of a higher standard of morality. The man of letters of the old school had vices and weaknesses which are now rare. He was often shiftless and sometimes drunken. He was not a model ratepayer, and he took a contemptuous view of butchers' bills and the other minor and squalid obligations of life. But if he borrowed, he did not steal; his quotations, references, and all his learning were his own. He might leave his children to be provided for by his admiring friends; but he was not a brazen-faced borrower, capable of lecturing the world in one page on the vices of the "lower orders" or the "higher life," and in the next of pilfering freely. Perhaps Mr. Besant might take the matter in hand in the *Author*, and give the world from time to time a black list of the more flagrant instances. Perhaps those whose goods are taken might do well to avail themselves more frequently than they do of the arm of the law. One or two of the worst offenders might be from time to time drummed out of the community of letters. But we hope more from the force of example, from a scrupulous adherence by the true aristocracy of art and literature to the letter and spirit of a commandment which is unpopular in some of the lower ranks of writers and artists.

FARMING PROSPECTS.

ALL over the country farmers are complaining loudly. Since Christmas there has been little rain, while east winds have blown almost persistently. March was very cold, a good deal of April was little better, and the early part of May was again very cold; consequently, in spite of the brilliant sunshine we have had, vegetation is very backward. Trees and other plants that strike their roots deep are able to draw moisture from the reservoirs resulting from last year's heavy rains, but plants which do not go deep down are suffering from want of moisture, and grass is so backward that it is feared now the hay crop must be very deficient whatever happens. In consequence the food of cattle is costly. But unfortunately there is a bad demand for sheep and cattle, and they cannot be sold at remunerative prices. Dairy produce is also cheap; but the greatest disappointment is felt with regard to grain, and especially wheat. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the harvests all over Europe were very deficient last year. There was such a failure in Russia that the country has since been suffering from famine, and all over Western Europe the crops were short. Naturally it was expected that prices this year would be high. But the average price of English wheat in the principal markets of England and Wales last week was only 31s. 7d. per quarter. In the corresponding week of last year the price was as high as 39s. 11d. In the interval there has been a fall of 8s. 4d. per quarter, or about 21 per cent. Even in the corresponding week of 1890 the price was 32s. 5d. In 1889 the price was a little lower than it is this year, and in 1888 it was a trifle higher. Only once, therefore, in the preceding four years has wheat been cheaper than it is at present, in spite of the bad crops last year. Farmers, therefore, say that everything they have to sell is too cheap, and that the present is one of the worst years they have ever experienced. Proverbially, farmers are grumblers, and probably they are exaggerating their present difficulties. At all events, we have heard again and again since 1876 that they were living upon their capital; but, somehow or other, though they have assured us that they were making no profits, they have managed to survive. Still, though there may be exaggeration, there can be little doubt that the present year is a bad one. There is plenty of time yet, however, for a great improvement, and, happily, the weather has changed greatly for the better this week. Probably the hay crop cannot turn out very well; but a favourable June and July would make a great alteration for the better in everything else. Upon the Continent matters are somewhat as they are at home. A little while ago, indeed, there were very gloomy reports from Russia. In the south there had been long-continued drought, and everywhere it was said that the poverty of the peasants compelled them to sell their horses and cattle, and that they were unable therefore to till their lands on the usual scale For the past week or so, however, the reports are more encouraging. There has also been some improvement in Western Europe, but still the outlook is not bright, and, according to present appearances, the harvest must be very late. Even in the United States the condition is not favourable. There has been improvement in the winter wheat crop, it is true, during April, but even that crop is nothing like as good as it was twelve months ago, and there is much apprehension respecting the spring wheat crop and the maize crop.

If matters do not continue to mend the harvest must be late, and not improbably rather short. Another bad year in Russia would be very serious. It would make the condition of the peasants almost hopeless, it would plunge the Government into the most formidable difficulties, and it might have serious political consequences. In Germany, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Spain, the results would not be so bad; still, they would be bad. Farming is by far the most important industry in those countries—indeed, it is more important than all other industries put together. In some of them it is almost the sole great industry, and two bad years for farmers would have an unfortunate effect upon the welfare of the whole population. It would so much decrease the purchasing power of the people that trade, already depressed, would suffer more, and it is scarcely possible but that the public revenues would materially fall off. Here at home, however, the consequences would be far slighter. Agriculture with us is now only the greatest of our industries, but compared with all other industries together it is a small one. Of course, a bad year would tell disastrously upon the farmers, and would lessen their power to buy from the towns. It would tend, therefore, to depress trade further; but its effect might be counterbalanced by increased purchases from other countries. If, indeed, all branches of farming suffered—if the hay crop was to be very bad, if grass did not grow luxuriantly, and if the cereals were deficient, then the distress of the agricultural population could not fail to tell more or less upon the whole country. But it is hardly probable that all branches will suffer. If there is much rain the cereal crops will be injured, but grass will flourish; and on the other hand, if there is not much rain, bright sunshine will be favourable to wheat. Still, unless there is an early improvement we shall probably see a very considerable rise in the price of wheat. It seems clear that the estimates formed at the time of last year's harvest were incorrect; either the total production of the world was larger than was then supposed, or the surplus stocks remaining over from preceding harvests were far more abundant than anybody believed. The supplies, at all events, have been so much greater than was then thought that, as we have seen, the price of wheat is lower now than it was either in 1888, 1890, or 1891. But if last year's production was not much larger than was generally estimated, then we have been drawing during the past eight months upon the old reserves, which must now be greatly reduced. It follows that if the outlook for the coming harvest continues unfavourable there must be a considerable rise in price.

Yet we do not believe that the rise will be such as to injure very much the general population. We draw our supplies now from every part of the world, and it is to be recollected that harvesting is going on somewhere nearly every month in the year. The harvest will ripen in warm countries like southern California early next month, and then it will continue until September in the various countries north of the equator. South of the equator Christmas falls at midsummer, and the southern harvests will then begin to come in. In India, again, although it is north of the equator, the wheat harvest is in March and April. But it is contrary to all probability that the harvests should be bad in the same year all over the world. But if there should be a very abundant production in South America, Australia, and India, that would hasten the recovery of those countries from the crisis through which they are passing owing to financial mistakes, civil war, and drought; and as they recovered they would be able to buy more freely our manufactures. Similarly, if prospects should improve now in the United States, a great stimulus might be given thereby to American trade, and American purchases of our goods might augment

unexpectedly. It is quite possible, therefore, that even if the year should be such as to depress the condition of our own farmers, it might so improve the condition of our foreign customers that their purchases would largely increase, and so improve our trade.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week Europe has definitely recovered from the Anarchist panic, and returned to its normal state of political unrest, varied just now only by slight apprehension of international complications—except perhaps in France. M. Véry, the humble victim of the last explosion in Paris, received a public funeral on Friday week at Père la Chaise such as is usually reserved for distinguished generals and statesmen. In a few dignified and simple words at the grave the President of the Republic commemorated his service to society. His widow and child are to be provided for by the State. Even the announcement that the Anarchists have resolved at a recent meeting to "resume their propaganda by deeds" has not sensibly disturbed the French mind. Ravachol has been taken to St. Étienne to be tried for one of his more commonplace crimes—the murder of the Hermit of Chambles. The stations along the line, even during the small hours of the night, were crowded with eager sightseers. But French politicians have found a fresh subject for alarm in the distinctly Crispine tendencies of the new Ministry which has at last been formed by Signor Giolitti. For the rest of Europe it serves as a guarantee that Italy will maintain the Triple Alliance and the *status quo* as long as her finances will permit. With the effect of the Greek elections we deal elsewhere.

In the internal politics of France there is the same recovery—tempered, no doubt, by apprehensions of a Ministerial crisis during the session just begun. The full result of the municipal elections is at present known in seventy-nine departments containing 32,073 communes. Before the elections, the municipal councils of 18,452 of these were Republican and of 13,030 Conservative, while 591 were doubtful or non-political. Now, the Republicans have gained the majority in 2,586 of the councils formerly Conservative, losing it in 111, formerly Republican. For eight departments the returns are as yet incomplete. The elections of mayors do not throw much light on the situation. The triumphant Socialists of St. Ouen and Roubaix have elected—not workmen, but publicans; and M. Wilson, M. Grévy's son-in-law, has returned to public life as Mayor of Loches. A charge of bribery against him is talked of.

The coming session must close by July 14th, in time for the elections to the Departmental Councils. To-day M. Lavy is to question the Government on the recent arbitrary arrests of Anarchists. Afterwards the reorganisation of the Savings Bank system, State loans in aid of agriculture, the renewal of the privileges of the Bank of France, and supplementary naval estimates will be dealt with in succession. As to the two latter some apprehension is felt. The economic heresies of the present Chamber may lead it to tamper with the banking system, and the Minister of Marine demands an additional vote of 39,000,000 fr. for 1892 and 28,000,000 fr. for 1893. It is said that M. Rouvier, M. Roche, and M. Develle are not favourably disposed to an increase of expenditure, that MM. Loubet and Cavaignac are inclined to differ from them in general policy, and that MM. Bourgeois and Ricard have views of their own. So a Ministerial crisis is prophesied for an early date. The Chamber, of course, has only fifteen months more to live.

Protection is producing its natural effect. The volume of foreign trade is diminishing, and the exports of manufactured goods have fallen off by 21,412,000 francs for April, as compared with the same month of 1891.

The disorganisation of the clerical enemies of the Republic has been completed by Mgr. d'Hulst and the Pope. The first was entrapped last week by a representative of the very newest Parisian journalism into the expression of his true and rebellious mind about the Papal Brief; the latter, being asked to telegraph his blessing to the Union de la France Chrétienne—a society nominally Catholic, really Monarchist, founded by Cardinal Richard, just after the famous adhesion to the Republic of Cardinal Lavigerie—has appended a fresh recommendation to them to accept the existing order in politics, whereupon the society has ceased to exist. Moreover, the eagle of a Bonapartist club has been refused a blessing by a Paris curé, as being a seditious emblem.

The Belgian Senate has adopted all the proposals for constitutional revision, including minority representation, which the Chamber had refused. The provincial elections take place to-morrow (May 22). The Liberals seem determined to keep out the question of universal suffrage. Hence a group of "Radical Socialists" is opposing them at Ghent, and there is some prospect of a continuance of divisions among the reformers at the General Election.

The German Emperor has visited Stettin and Dantzig. He has, of course, had an enthusiastic reception, and has given no fresh cause for disquiet. Rumours of his approaching reconciliation with Prince Bismarck are rife in Berlin, but are based solely on his congratulations to Count Herbert Bismarck on his approaching marriage. The Conservatives and Catholics are still smarting from their rebuff over the Prussian Schools Bill. Even in Bavaria a Catholic deputy has asked the Foreign Minister whether the Prussian Minister at the Bavarian Court did not report to his Government that there was an adverse feeling to the Bill in Bavaria, and so led to the withdrawal; and, if so, by what right Prussian Ministers busied themselves with Bavarian feeling? The question received no answer.

A relic of the Holy Roman Empire has been swept away in Prussia this week. In 1815 and 1866 a number of the non-mediatised rulers who were among the historical curiosities of Europe were absorbed with their principalities into such German States as remained. Twenty-six became Prussian subjects, permanently exempted from personal taxation. This exemption has just been removed by the Prussian Parliament as the result of a compromise effected with them by Herr Miquel, the Minister of Finance. As compensation, each is to receive 13½ times the estimated annual amount of taxation now due from him.

The recent readjustment of taxation is producing an agitation for electoral reform in Prussia. The Liberals propose to abolish the extra voting power now vested in the richer classes. Prince Bismarck, through his Hamburg organ, has declared emphatically against the proposal, and the Government have announced that they will not entertain it.

Last Saturday the Austrian Finance Minister made an elaborate statement in the Reichsrath respecting the proposed currency reform. Six bills dealing with the various parts of the scheme are to be introduced simultaneously into the Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments. A new four per cent. loan is to be raised to purchase 183,456,000 florins' worth of gold. This gold will be held when obtained, and cannot leave the Treasury without further legislation. The date of the resumption of specie payments thus rests with the Government. The new system is distinctly monometallist. The unit, the krone, is practically the German mark. The Young Czechs and anti-Semites will oppose the bills, apparently from sheer ignorance. There is some grumbling to the effect that Hungary is too favourably treated in the division of the expense. But there is no doubt that the scheme will pass. The treatment of General Klapka's remains by the Government has been hardly respectful to the memory of Kossuth's greatest general, and has evoked a violent burst of Hungarian Nationalism.

After several days of suspense, Signor Giolitti has discarded or lost the members of the Right, whose co-operation had been expected, and formed a Ministry mainly from the Piedmontese group and the Left Centre. According to the *Gazzetta Piemontese*, it is a Ministry of All the Talents, resting on the support of a reorganised "constitutional and dynastic" Left. According to the Extreme Left and the French Press, it really masks the influence of Signor Crispi. Signor Lacava, Minister of Agriculture and a representative of Southern Italy, is said to have manipulated elections for that Premier in the past. Signor Brin, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, designed the famous ironclads *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, but is described as a dull, heavy man, Piedmontese in speech, known in politics only as a confirmed partisan of the Triple Alliance, and as unlike a diplomat as anyone could be; but he is to be coached by an Under-Secretary, the Marquis di San Giuliano, a devoted adherent of Signor Crispi. Admiral San Bon and General Pelloux are again Ministers of Marine and War—which means that there will be no reduction of expenditure there. Signor Giolitti is a highly trained official, rather than a real Premier; Signor Ellena was the principal agent in the commercial rupture with France; and Signor Crispi is openly giving his advice to the new Premier. The Chamber meets on Monday or Tuesday, and the announcement of the financial policy of the Ministry is awaited with the utmost curiosity. Meanwhile our Italian correspondent, the Marquis de Pareto, has created some sensation in France by a letter to the *République Française* pointing out (as he did in our columns last week) that politics in Italy are the work of professional politicians, not of the people, but that a reaction is beginning to be visible among economists, and that the country must eventually revert from the ruinous militarism of the time to the pacific and wisely liberal policy of Cavour.

News from other countries is scanty this week. Sweden is raising the customs duties; Holland and Switzerland meditate the adoption of the standard railway time of central Europe, which means that the day will begin half an hour earlier than at present; Bulgaria is suffering the usual lot of rising countries—a financial crisis after over-speculation; the Czar and his family will leave for the festivities of Copenhagen before these lines are published. A Ministerial crisis is impending in Portugal.

The floods in the Mississippi valley are at last subsiding; and the Venezuelan civil war is being fought out with the usual ferocity, and giving rise to the usual contradictory reports.

BROAD GAUGE.

IF the saying "Happy is the nation that has no history" have any application to railway matters, those who are concerned in the management of English railways ought assuredly to be anointed with the oil of gladness above their fellows. For there exists but one "History of the English Railway," and even this solitary work not only stops short at the year 1845, but also treats its subject, as might indeed have been expected of its author, rather from the point of view of the Stock Exchange than from that either of the engineer or of the general public. Once upon a time, no doubt, the battle of the gauges was a matter of keen interest to the "bulls," and "bears," and "stags," that couched in the fastnesses of Capel Court. But those days are long past; the Great Western sowed its last crop of wild oats a generation back; its Ordinary Stock stands steady at some sixty per cent. above par—too steady to be so much as shaken by the conversion of a couple of hundred miles in Cornwall and Devon from broad to narrow gauge; and if we wish to trace the history of the great conflict we shall need to disinter for ourselves from their dusty sepulchre of blue-books the long series of reports of Gauge Commissioners and Railway Commissioners, of Mr. Shaw's Committee, and the Board of Trade. It is the more necessary in this case to follow Lord Coke's advice, and "to rely upon the books at large," *petere fontes quam sectari rivulos*, for the *rivuli* were often poisoned by party spite. A certain Mr. Samuel Sidney, for instance, published in 1845 what he termed "A Brief History of the Gauge Question." In it occurs this passage: "A bridge built over the Thames at Maidenhead, to show how the river might be crossed by two arches, while the old bridge close by required not less than six, fell down twice. It was again rebuilt, and stands a monument of what an engineer of genius can effect with shareholders' money." In fact, the bridge never fell down at all, and, after fifty-three years' experience, it shows no signs of a tendency to do so.

But how to carry a sample of those copious fountains in the small bucket of a single article! When the South Western Railway found it necessary to spend £400,000 on a single Bill, and Mr. Cockburn, afterwards the Lord Chief Justice, occupied three days in summing-up the case in its favour, how abridge the matter into half-a-dozen lines! Or, again, who shall tell in a sentence the varying fortunes of the war in the West Midland district; how, in 1844, the newly amalgamated Midland Railway secured control of the route from Birmingham to Bristol, and was presented by the London and Birmingham Company with free admission into the New Street station as a reward for its prowess; how the following year the London and Birmingham and the Great Western fought with varying fortunes for the right to construct the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Railway; how the Board of Trade gave the district to the narrow gauge, and how the House of Commons' Committee, after sitting for five and twenty days, and examining more than a hundred witnesses, unanimously reversed their decision? And the Parliamentary warfare was only one phase of the combat. A history of the campaign would need not only to dwell on the prodigies of speed that were witnessed, to immortalise the driver who offered to run from Paddington to Bristol within the hour if the directors would look after his wife and family, but also to sketch the various devices adopted or suggested to cope with the difficulty of a break of gauge; to tell how waggons were built with loose bodies, capable of being lifted at pleasure from broad to narrow gauge wheels, and a machine was erected at Paddington for this purpose; how others were designed with telescopic axles; how it was proposed to lay two narrow gauge lines in between the two broad gauge ones, so that broad and narrow vehicles might travel together harmoniously in the same train. But to what purpose? As we know, they all came to nothing. Sir Daniel Gooch frankly confesses in his diary—opportunely enough published within the last few weeks—"I never had any faith in any of these plans as workable in practice. A break of gauge meant the unloading one set of waggons and putting the goods into another." Moreover, break of gauge is at an end in England. The last broad gauge truck has reached its temporary resting-place on the sidings at Swindon, and all the match-buffers and telescopic axles in Christendom will not delay by an hour its final progress to the scrap-heap.

But though the broad gauge be dead and buried, its effects are likely to be felt as long as railways last. What it has cost the Great Western shareholders—or, to speak more accurately, what it has cost, in the long run, the Great Western customers—no man, probably not even the chief accountant at Paddington, can tell. The Royal Commissioners of 1845 estimated that an immediate conversion of 274 miles would cost a million; those of 1867 that an immediate conversion of 1,450 miles would cost two millions. But the Great Western conversion, so far from being immediate, has been spread over a period of twenty-three years; and

if, on the one hand, this has reduced the waste of capital by not condemning the rolling-stock to destruction till it was fairly worn out, on the other it has imposed on the company for all these years the extra cost of the maintenance of the duplicate system. Nor has the loss of money been only direct. The indirect loss of traffic, starved out for want of adequate facilities, has probably been even greater. The announcement that in future carriages will run through from Liverpool to Torquay serves as a reminder—more especially to anyone who knows the volume of the traffic passing direct from Leeds and Birmingham to Bournemouth—how necessary it is to canalise the river, so to speak, if you expect traffic to flow steadily and smoothly along it. Nor has the West of England been the only sufferer. Brunel's mistake has inflicted a railway system of supra-normal gauge on Ireland, on Spain, and on Russia—the three countries in Europe least able to support it.

But whatever the net results may be elsewhere, there can be no doubt that we in England owe, on the whole, a deep debt of gratitude to Brunel not only for his startling innovations, but for his mere personality. The passion for ideas which characterised the great Frenchman—for so, indeed, he was; the keen logic which pushed those ideas to their ultimate conclusions, regardless of limitations which would have restrained a weaker man; these were the best of tonics for the harder-headed but slower-witted Englishmen—many of them with but scanty theoretical education—among whom he found himself. When Brunel laid his rails on longitudinal bearings, his brother engineers were compelled to show that they could make a road as good with cross-sleepers. Or, again, the shareholders might pull wry faces when Brunel experimented with locomotives of all sorts and sizes—most of them, it must be confessed, conspicuous failures: tank engines with 9-foot drivers and a bogie at either end; engines with 10-foot drivers, with their wheel-covers fastened together over the top of the boiler; engines with 10-foot driving wheels and the boiler mounted on a separate carriage; engines with 6-foot wheels driven by a rack-and-pinion gearing which multiplied their speed to three times that of the piston—but at least the science of locomotive building was not likely to stagnate. Once more, when the man who had spent millions to make the Great Western as flat as a billiard-table deliberately accepted on the South Devon gradients of 1 in 42, and staked a large slice of his fortune on his success in overcoming them with the help of the atmospheric principle, the whole question of the possibilities of steam traction was thrown open for discussion. Or to take a yet more important and more practical point, when the "Great Britain" carried not only first- but second-class passengers from London to Didcot, 53 miles in 48 minutes, it was impossible for other companies to persist in their jog-trot 32 or 34 miles an hour. Express trains had come, in American phrase, to stay; and what express trains mean to the comfort of modern life it hardly needs the dithyrambs of their laureate, Mr. Foxwell, to remind us.

And now the "Great Britain" has gone to its long home, and the stately "Iron Duke," the wandering "Tartar," and the swift-flying "Swallow" have vanished from the road that had known them for over forty years. Other engines equally fast and much more powerful have taken their place, but No. 3028 can never excite the sentiment that clings to the names of "Alma" and "Inkerman" and "Balaclava." It is well, no doubt, that the last lingering relic of the once powerful broad gauge should be swept away, that the Mount's Bay mackerel and the Penzance broccoli should at length be able to reach the Birmingham market without let or hindrance; but, after all—

> "Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
> Of that which once was great has passed away."

W. M. Acworth.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

As the candle flickers before final extinction, the House of Commons has moments of something like feverish activity even in the throes of its death-agony. There are certain questions upon which there is a rush of speakers and some fervour of oratory. For instance, the Bill of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre in condemnation of plural voting produced quite a lively and interesting debate; and the Irish Local Government Bill, which might have been supposed to have been of a dulness equal to its spectral unreality, promises to raise one of the most interesting and picturesque debates of the entire Parliament. Whenever, in short, a question is started which may influence the votes of any appreciable number of the electorate, interest at once rises from its stertorous slumbers and the brisk current of electioneering energy rushes through the halls of Parliament.

One of the strangest things about the House of Commons is its variation of mood with regard to the consumption of time. There are moments when the whole House literally rises at a man because he dares to speak at the moment when the division is longed for; and it is only half a dozen men in any House of Commons who have the courage to continue the debate after the House has revealed its fierce passion by this sullen and well-known roar. Further, the obstruction of unpatriotic Oppositions is a Parliamentary commonplace. And yet, to everybody acquainted with the inner life of the House of Commons, it is known that in every session hours, days, weeks sometimes, are wasted in accordance with a convention between the Whips of the different parties. It is deemed convenient always that a serious division should take place at midnight or a little earlier. This plan is based again on the fact that the overwhelming majority of members spend three to four hours as far away as they can get from the House of Commons during every sitting, the House continuing all the same, and engaged, according to all appearances, in the discharge of its work. Thus it comes to pass that the same House which roars at a speaker at midnight for a speech of five minutes is ready—nay, is delighted—to go down on its knees to the otherwise hated and unwelcome bore who will speak for hours against time. Of all prospects there is none so horrible to the Parliamentary mind as the early and sudden collapse of what is intended to be a full-dress debate. All this means that many difficulties come from an absurd misarrangement of the time of the House.

The debate on the second reading of the Irish Local Government Bill is one of the most remarkable instances of the wilful, foregone, universally accepted waste of time. Mr. Madden, the Irish Attorney-General, ventured to drop an observation that certain objections to the Bill could be remedied in Committee. At once a shout of derision rose from the Liberal benches, there was a smile on Mr. Balfour's face which not all the reserve of official life could enable him to subdue; and poor Mr. Madden was so affrighted with the noise himself had made that he never ventured to mention the word Committee again in the course of his entire speech. For it is as well known as anything in politics that the Committee stage will never be reached, and that with the second reading of this Bill it will be interred with urgency and decorum and without the tribute of a single tear. Nevertheless, the debate has gone on for two days; and there is no reason why it should not go on for half a dozen more. The great convention has been signed on all sides; there shall be so many speeches; the division shall not come till such and such a day, and such and such an hour on that day; and thus do the mills of the House of Commons grind so slowly and so unsurely.

But though the fight was a sham battle, it began in a splendid bit of warfare. Mr. Sexton's powers and defects are now well known to the House of Commons, and full recognition at last is given to one of the most remarkable Parliamentarians that

Assembly has ever seen. His speech of Thursday night had the defect that mars all his utterances except those that are delivered on the spur of the moment—and Mr. Sexton's impromptu speeches are often his very best. When he has time to prepare, and especially when he has time to think out phrases, he errs by a laborious building-up of scaffolding, so that when he gets to his building itself attention has lost its freshness. It is the defect of a mind singularly acute and wide, and with an extraordinary grasp of detail, never to be satisfied until there has been an answer of equal completeness to the smallest point as well as to the largest. It thus very often happens that the first part of one of Mr. Sexton's speeches is addressed to an apathetic and silent House, and that there is even a slight feeling of irritation, not so much at the expenditure of time—for Mr. Sexton is always interesting—as at the waste of great powers.

So it was on Thursday night. For the first quarter of an hour Mr. Sexton received no cheers; but when he got over his exordium, and was in the heart of the Bill, applause came thick and fast, cheers alternated with laughter, and the deep voice of Sir William Harcourt, the sharper note of Mr. Morley, punctuated the enthusiasm with which the points were received by the delighted occupants of the unofficial benches. Mr. Sexton's extraordinary patience of statement and grasp of detail were intensely interesting. He took the Bill, first split it into pieces, then took each piece and tore it into rags and threads, and finally threw the wretched remains of the thing across the floor at the feet of the Government. It is no exaggeration to say that scarcely ever in the history of Parliament has a Bill been so utterly destroyed by a single speech. The face of Mr. Gladstone was eloquent of the effect of the speech, but more eloquent still were the downcast looks of the Tory party. They had begun by some snorts when Mr. Sexton spoke with confidence of the verdict of the country; they had joined Mr. Balfour in a superior smile at the reminders of Coercion and its tragic incidents, such as the death of Mr. John Mandeville; but the cheerful mood melted gradually away as Mr. Sexton's process of disintegration proceeded, until in the end they all—including Mr. Balfour with a sickly smile—looked as though they were already assisting at the burial of a departed friend.

If anything were required to accentuate the effect of Mr. Sexton's speech and the grotesque absurdity of the Bill, it was supplied by Mr. Madden. The Irish Attorney-General came into the House with the reputation of an accomplished lawyer; and he has acquired respect there for a general urbanity of manner. But he is not an orator; he has little readiness, not much fluency, and a somewhat *gauche* method of expressing himself. He was exceedingly embarrassed by the damaging attack of Mr. Sexton, and attempted to make up by vehemence of manner for poverty of material. But vehemence does not become Mr. Madden. A middle-aged gentleman, he has devoted most of his life to that laborious imitation of an ultra-English accent which is the chief aspiration of what may be called the Dublin Castle Irishman. Mr. Peel is "Mistah Speekah"; a Bill is the "meshaw"; order is "awdaw"; and it is impossible to be fervid and pronounce after such a fashion. In short, the Attorney-General made things rather worse for the Government than they were before. Mr. Herbert Gladstone suffers from modesty and excessive nervousness. It is a pity. He has an excellent vocabulary, sound and independent opinions, great and honest public spirit, and extraordinary courage. He has an even greater Parliamentary quality; not even in its palmiest day was the voice of Mr. Gladstone more sonorous, melodious, or skilfully modulated than is that of his youngest son. This young man, for all his reticence and shyness and self-repression, may go pretty far one of these fine days, when courage and honesty and plenty of strong sense are required in the Liberal ranks.

WANTED—A LAW OF ARBITRATION.

THE sympathy of the English world has rightly been concentrated on the sufferings of the Cleveland iron-workers. No more poignant tale of undeserved misery has ever been told than that which the *Daily News* has sympathetically unfolded. For the people of Middlesbrough and elsewhere are in a peculiar sense the victims, rather than the promoters, of industrial war. They have been the conscript soldiers on whom the lot has fallen, but who have had no part in the making of the quarrel. It has been a special feature of recent labour conflicts that they have embraced a much wider industrial circle than that within which they arose. The modern world moves, on its economic as on its spiritual side, all together, and the snapping of a single driving band is apt to dislocate the whole machine. It was so with the strikes of the dockers, the gas-workers, the coal-porters, and it is especially true of the Durham miners. But there is an additional touch of pathos in the fate of the highly skilled, industrious, and on the whole excellently organised iron-workers of the Cleveland district. The strike which has extinguished their furnaces, swept away their tiny savings, stript their modest households of every slender comfort, and brought them down at one fell blow from independent and fairly thriving workers to involuntary paupers, was one against which they had fondly thought they had secured themselves. They had long established an Arbitration and Conciliation Board, consisting of equal numbers of employers and employed, to whom a dispute as to wages or conditions of labour would inevitably have been referred. As a matter of fact, according to Mr. Price, the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration existing in the iron trade of the North had during the seventeen years of its existence which were concluded in 1886 adjusted nearly 800 disputes—and this by means of the Standing Committee, with little reference to the Board itself. In the present instance there was, of course, no dispute in the iron trade. The trouble arose with the Durham miners, with whom the practice of arbitration is not established, and who chose the method of the strike with sole reference to their own custom of a stand-up, rough-and-tumble fight with capital. This was perhaps inevitable, and it does not, of course, warrant Lord Salisbury's absurd suggestion that the Durham miners deliberately chose to starve themselves in order to ruin their masters. The difficulty, indeed, is not a moral one; it rather reveals an inefficiency of method, an appalling absence of the necessary social machinery. At present a strike or a lock-out takes place at the sole will of a sectional organisation of workers or masters, much as a couple of border chiefs could decree a state of war between themselves without troubling to consult their suzerains. But Lord Salisbury, in the only touch of sense in his speech at St. Leonards, justly suggested a parity of importance for international and for industrial wars. His further hint at an equal necessity for ending them by arbitration on national lines cannot, of course, be taken without several grains of salt. It is quite conceivable that the party which resisted the legalisation of trade unions might take it into its head to make strikes illegal.

However, it is clear that there is a movement, both among workmen—and especially the advanced sections—and among employers, to obtain some more regular machinery of peace-making than the purely voluntary and non-legal system of Boards of Arbitration, which, on account of the interdependence of one great department of industry on another, may fail to avert such a colossal tragedy as that of Middlesbrough. Such a machinery does, of course, exist abroad, where there is not only arbitration, but a law of arbitration. In France and Belgium the *conseils de prud'hommes* are armed with the absolute power of settling disputes between masters and men. Many thousand cases are submitted to them every year, and seventy per cent. of these are determined off hand by

the *bureau particulier*, which consists of one master and one man representing each town industry. The smaller *bureau* is always in session; to it come the parties to the dispute, and in case of failure there is the final reference to the *bureau général*, which can end the conflict summarily, and without appeal on the part of either litigant. It is impossible to discover any principle which bars the application of some such method to our own troubles. Voluntary arbitration, as we have seen, fails when the practice of one organised section of workers in a great branch trade differs from that of another. It would clearly be necessary to constitute an English *conseil de prud'hommes* on the lines which prevail in the voluntary associations of an equal representation of employers and employed. This has been the plan followed by the new London Board of Arbitration, which has done excellent work in a quiet way, and is genuinely representative of the chief metropolitan trades. It is clearly an advance on the improvised Board of disinterested outsiders, which did exemplary service in the dock strike. The question is, whether the time has not arrived to take a further step in the organisation of the forces that make for industrial peace. We have got the practice of arbitration; it seems increasingly clear that we now require a law.

OPEN-AIR MUSIC.

OPEN-AIR music is a term of delight; street music an epitome of disagreeables, a synonym for shattered nerves and a disordered temper. Why is this so? For the sounds that torment the cultivated ear delight the untaught, and there must be some element of inherent rightness where this is the case. West-End residents close their windows, and would fain, if they could, close their ears, at the first fatal chirrup that announces the arrival of the street piano; but the little gutter children dance round the instrument of their neighbours' torture with joy unfeigned. And it may be observed that street music of any exceptional kind is enough to attract an audience of the better sort. Substantial earnings are (for a time at any rate) the reward of those who can evolve a speciality in this direction, and trained singers whose lot has been unsuccessful have occasionally "taken to the road" in the modern sense with satisfactory results. One can hardly suppose, however, that the singers who appear to select the worst possible weather for their performances can long withstand the violence done to their voices. But about these matters the listener does not, as a rule, trouble himself, being concerned only with the quality and attractiveness of the music.

Of late, efforts have been made to banish the itinerant musician from our midst, that the sound of the street organ may no longer be heard in Mayfair; but the agitation has been unsuccessful, and the grinder still grinds on undisturbed. Possibly the methods of the London County Council may, as far as the Metropolis is concerned, be more successful in dislodging the musician than the direct attacks of his enemies have been. Bad music has no foe like good music, and the provision of bands in public parks and gardens playing both popular and classical music will probably do much to diminish the charms and reduce the earnings of the organ-grinder. We are sorry for him; we like him much, personally, when he is an Italian, and still more when he has a monkey; but if his coming hither involves bringing a piano with him, we would rather he remained at home. In France and Germany, where good bands are to be heard in almost every town, street musicians are not endured. Such as are to be found in country villages playing upon antiquated instruments, like the *biniou* or bagpipes in Brittany, represent the surviving remnants of an older system of music, and until supplanted by other forms, serve a real purpose in the life of the country people.

It is a misfortune that indigenous village music has well-nigh died out in England. As a nation we have never been so strong in instrumental as in vocal music; in the latter we have excelled, and until lately country villages were each, to some extent, a school of singing. The "waits" are now the only survival—in most cases, a dismal survival—of the glee-singers who were once the pride of the villages, and we have to look to Thomas Hardy's novels for a picture of country music which has now become, alas! a thing of the past. The loss is as great morally as artistically; for every source of enjoyment and of simple pride, even of rivalry and emulation, of anything that stirs the blood and quickens the intelligence, is of value in our dead-alive rural communities. Machinery in music has been partly responsible for the change; the piano has ousted the string quartette, and the organ has displaced the church orchestra. The latter was once an important factor in church music, and consequently in village society. A movement is now going on for the reintroduction of the orchestra into churches; but it will be long before it touches the villages.

Where such musical organisations as those just mentioned existed, they were, of course, available for open-air jaunts and junketings—purposes for which pianos and organs are useless. The application of the barrel to the piano is of no avail; even a clod-hopper refuses to dance to machinery. The music must come from living fingers if it is to inspire living feet. Hence the decay of music in the villages has meant the decay of dancing, which again implies the decay of wholesome amusement generally, since the green is the villager's only public hall, and he and his sweetheart must dance there or nowhere. In Yorkshire and Lancashire, however, it should be noticed, there has sprung up a form of music which is purely of native growth, and occupies an important place in working-class society—the local brass band. These bands often play exceedingly well, and their energies are kept up by constant prize competitions, which excite the keenest emulation. Bands from all quarters attend the annual contest at Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester; and the feeblest and most inefficient group of instrumentalists cherishes the secret hope of one day measuring its strength in this modern form of Grecian game. Viewed in relation to the decay of village music in its other forms, the growth of brass bands must be regarded as of great importance, especially as the art of clog-dancing, to which Lancashire folks largely owe their quick sense of time and rhythm, is rapidly disappearing, owing to the cheapening of shoe-leather.

The love of open-air music is deep-rooted in the people, and it is this that accounts for their endurance of the street musician, be his music of what sort it may. Their untaught artistic sense recognises what more cultured amateurs seem almost to have forgotten—that the open air lends a charm to music that nothing else can impart. The delicate gradations, the *nuances* of light and shade, the dying diminuendos, that are produced by the softly-blowing air, are beyond the wit of the cleverest conductor to obtain from his orchestra; and as for the blast of military music swelling on the wind, he is a craven indeed who does not feel his blood surge at the sound. There is perhaps nothing so sweet in the whole realm of music as the sound of singing coming over the water, and the simplest harmony becomes exquisite when thus heard.* We take our music too much in hot, gas-lighted, crowded rooms and concert-halls, and neglect the simpler but more soul-satisfying form which unites with nature by admitting her voices into the choir.

* The Scandinavians know this well: and singing-parties on the water are a recognised institution during the long, bright evenings of the wonderful northern summer.

DOUBTS AND DIFFICULTIES OF TECHNICAL TEACHING.

IN our rural district we have a new topic of conversation. The methods of technical teaching applicable to an agricultural population are being hotly discussed, and among "honourable Councillors" the relative value of theory and practice is now a point of more absorbing interest than even the management of main roads and bridges or last surcharge made by the Government auditor. So far we have done nothing in our county, preferring to let our neighbours buy their experience while we profit by their mistakes. Next year, however, we hope to do great things, if we only make up our minds what to do. On the Technical Education Committee, of which I have the privilege to be a member, there are two schools of thought. Our secretary advocates Extension lecturing, while the chairman wants to have hedging and ditching taught. We have discussed the opposing methods at several long sittings, but, like the farmer in John Leech's well-known picture, we "don't seem to get no forrarder." Lately, however, I have been on a tour of inspection in the three adjoining counties, and I confidently expect that at our next meeting the weight of the experience I have now acquired will bring the rest of the Committee to my way of thinking.

My first visit was to Mudfordshire, where a lecture on Agriculture was advertised for eight o'clock at the schoolroom of a village of about three hundred people. This was a pioneer lecture. It was not to be followed up by a course of teaching, but was designed to impress the agricultural mind with the advantages to be derived from scientific instruction directly bearing on the pursuits of their daily life. The vicar and a leading farmer had canvassed the village thoroughly, and an audience of sixty—mostly labourers, with a few farmers—filled the little schoolroom to overflowing. Here was experience number one. Evidently the oft-repeated contention that after his day's work the labouring man won't leave his fireside to go to school does not hold good, at any rate in Mudfordshire, and our population has also been considered more intelligent than that of Mudfordshire. The lecture began with a short description of the composition of soils—phosphoric acid, potash, silica, and nitrogen were mentioned in rapid succession, and soon a table of percentage composition of wheat and turnips appeared on the blackboard. The process of nitrification was explained at some length, but this I was unable to follow, not knowing any chemistry myself. I looked at the faces of the audience to see how they fared. The labourers were listening intently, evidently trying hard to understand. The patience of a rustic audience is certainly wonderful; but as the lecturer was talking Greek to them, I feared their patience would not last out much longer. After about twenty minutes of "introduction," however, the lights were turned down, and the magic lantern brought into play. This I thought would please the audience, but a number of insect pests exhibited one after another on the screen served chiefly to amuse the juvenile portion of the audience, and did not satisfy the men who had come to learn something they could readily apply in their daily work. Insects were followed by weeds, and the lecturer dilated on the injurious effects of couch-grass. By this time the audience had begun to disbelieve in the value of County Council teaching. "Us grows plenty of that about here," remarked one man, "but we'm call um *Squitch*." "What we'm want to know is how to get rid of um," remarked another. The lecturer explained that summer fallowing and cleaning the ground well was the most effectual cure. "We'm know that," said a farmer, "but us haven't got the money to do it." During the remainder of the lecture the audience grew impatient, and when the lecturer announced that he would be happy to answer questions, everyone accepted the intimation that the lecture was over and promptly left the room. The lecture had been altogether above their heads. Should another lecture be held in the village, the audience will not be sixty, but half a dozen at most.

I drove back to the neighbouring county town dissatisfied with technical instruction in Mudfordshire, but hoping for better things in the neighbouring county. The lecture I attended on the following night was at a small town in Loamshire. The lecture was in connection with the University Extension system, "under County Council auspices," and the subject, "The Chemistry of Common Things." Again I found a good audience, but chiefly of the middle class. This lecture was the fourth of a course of eight lectures, and the audience had already attained some degree of familiarity with the terminology of the subjects, and were able to follow the lecturer intelligently. Moreover, the lecturer was practised in his art, and did not talk over the heads of his audience. There was an hour's pleasant instruction on the properties of air and of its constituent gases, which, if I remember rightly, are oxygen and hydrogen. I learnt many things I did not know before, and was much pleased and interested both by what I heard and by the chemical experiments. I think everybody was pleased and felt that they had spent an enjoyable evening. But I could not help wondering how this could be called "technical" instruction. The audience was a mixed one, but none, so far as I am aware, were persons engaged in trades concerned with the applications of chemistry. They were adults, not boys or girls at school, and their ways in life being fixed, it could hardly be contended that instruction in chemistry would tend to fit them better for such scientific pursuits as they might follow in after-life. In fact, the lecture was valuable only as contributing to mental culture. Now, whatever technical instruction may be, it certainly is not the education of culture. On our committee we are agreed that technical instruction is "instruction imparted directly for utilitarian objects, as opposed to instruction given with the object of imparting mental culture." I recorded in my note-book that the County Council of Loamshire were spending their money on teaching which has a certain value, but was not "technical" at all. The "Extra Beer and Spirit Duties Fund" was meant to afford the means of supplying a deficiency in our educational system. The deficiency was the want of teaching in subjects connected either with production or with the amelioration of the physical conditions of life (as our secretary says in his report on the proposed cookery classes). The Council of the county of Loamshire are paying for instruction which is not really technical, and I left by the last train for Chalkshire filled with the direful purpose of voting that our next year's fund should go to the rates, if the Chalkshire people had not devised some more useful form of instruction than was being given in the other counties I had visited.

The Chalkshire lecture was on Horticulture, or, as I found it advertised, a Lesson on Gardening. The place was a small and very remote country village, where I arrived after a long, cold drive. It was a bitter night, freezing hard, and a biting east wind. The vicar feared that there would be a small attendance, as half the parish had recently been suffering from influenza, and many were still afraid to go out on a cold night. However, five-and-twenty working men turned up and a few lads. I observed the "lecturer" with interest. He was certainly not of the academic type. Moreover, when he began to speak, I discovered that he was decidedly illiterate. He erred frequently in points of grammar, but the audience, being themselves unlettered, did not mind this. He spoke as one of themselves, and they were the more inclined to pay heed to his advice. The discourse was, in fact, advice to cottagers—on the modes of planting and cultivating potatoes, peas, beans, and so forth. The lecturer had been a successful gardener and cultivator of vegetables and hardy fruit. He is now a County Council

lecturer. He is impressed with the importance of his mission, and being thoroughly master of his subject, speaks with perfect confidence within the range of his own knowledge and experience, and does not attempt to be "scientific." The lecture was the third of a course of four, and I learnt from the discussion which followed that the people were taking the teaching seriously and were going to give the improved methods a trial. The discussion lasted for a considerable time, as many of the men wanted advice as to what to do in their own gardens. At the conclusion of the meeting it was announced that "the apple trees" had arrived, and that a "practice class" would be held next day in the vicar's garden where the method of planting would be shown. I learnt on inquiry that in Chalkshire the evening lectures or lessons are followed up by practice or consultation classes, which are conducted as follows:—At one of the evening meetings those who can get off work in time arrange to meet the instructor, while it is still daylight, at one of the gardens or allotments, and he shows them how to perform such operations as root and branch pruning, budding, grafting, and so forth, or gives advice on the cropping of their piece of ground. On making further inquiries, I found that the lecturing gardener had been appointed permanently under the County Council, and gave his whole time to the work of teaching and more particularly of advising cottagers and allotment holders. He spends a month in a certain district, lecturing and advising one day a week in each of six parishes, and then moves on to another centre. There is so much demand for his services among the cottagers, that it is probable a second instructor in horticulture will be appointed in Chalkshire.

Here, I said to myself, I have found the right kind of work being done; let us follow the example of Chalkshire, and we shall do some real good with the public money we have the spending of. Let us engage practical men to give teaching and advice to those who need it, and let the teaching be of a kind that can be applied directly to the work of life. If we teach applied science to adults who have had no preliminary school training to fit them to receive science teaching they cannot understand or make use of it. If we go in for popular science lectures we are going altogether outside our proper sphere. We might as well pay for lectures on the "Revival of Letters," or "The French Revolution." But if we do as they do in Chalkshire, and help the people to grow better potatoes, to make better butter, and so forth, and if we do this by utilising practical men who go straight to the point, and whom the people believe in, then we shall not waste our money.

Such are the views which I intend to bring before my committee, and they will be the more likely to find favour, as the Chalkshire system costs about half that followed in Mudfordshire, and less than one-third that followed in Loamshire, where the "Extension" plan is followed.

C.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is a commonplace of the physiologists—or was, for there are fashions in scientific theories as there are fashions in chimney-pot hats—that there are two men in each one of us, the man who acts and the man who contemplates the other acting. The philosopher of Frankfort would have called them the man of will and the man of idea, and he preached the wisdom of annihilating the first in favour of the second. Many years ago a famous French romance, "Gerfaut," showed us the man of will setting obligingly to work in order that the man of idea might take observations. Its hero, that is, did all sorts of things, including, if we remember rightly, some very abominable things, for the mere pleasure of analysing and noting down his sensation in the doing of them. The problem of this dual existence is approached from a different point of view in M. Maurice Sprouck's "Jacques Bernys" (Paris: Calmann Lévy). In Jacques the man of idea has been cultivated at the expense of the man of will. He is the reverse of the gentleman who whistled as he went for want of thought; he thinks so much that he cannot whistle as he goes, cannot in fact go at all. He knows everything, comprehends everything, foresees everything, and so experiences satiety before he has enjoyed. The result is that the world is for him a blank, a place where the unexpected never happens, and, as a music-hall ballad-monger puts it—

"Life's a weary dessit."

It is all the fault of our modern civilisation, Jacques thinks, and of its tendency to what he calls hyperæsthetised intellectualism. We are on the way to decadence, because we have subordinated the man of will to the man of idea. We have made the mistake of despising the cult of force, the brute force of male struggling against male in prehistoric caverns, the force which sets the germs fermenting in the entrails of the earth, and drives the constellations through the heavens. "I can only define myself with precision," says Jacques, "in pretentious and barbarous terms." He certainly uses a good many of them. "I am gangrened with intellectualism . . . or cerebralism, if you prefer it. I have developed and subtilised the thinker in me with exclusive and persistent voluptuousness; I have not been content with my congenital predispositions; I have done my best to stifle within me the animal according to nature, the ignorant, instinctive, illogical creature of the passions; and I have done it for the sake of an ideal of science, reason, truth, and progress. Amid a civilised race I have tried to be still more civilised; in all sincerity, I thought I was attaining a higher level; I fancied my effort was a good and praiseworthy one. When I became aware of my error, the mischief was done, the fault irreparable." The worst of it is, Jacques maintains, we are all making the same mistake. We ought to be struggling with one another like the "males" in the "prehistoric caverns," living the animal life of the primeval savage, instead of bothering about phenomena of reason, which imply decay and mark a further stage on the road to death. "Does not this hypertrophy of the spinal marrow and the brain constitute, instead of an advance and a gain, a detestable anatomic deformation and a monstrous perversion of our organs? In short, is not the intelligence like a bad wine, on which a man gets drunken, and which gradually defiles and slays him, as surely as alcohol slays the dipsomaniac?" Rousseau said much the same thing long ago, and said it better. There is a story of Edgar Poe's which gets an effect of terror from the silence and immutability of space. The thunder and lightning are dead. The rivers cease to flow between their banks. The trees do not shiver in the wind. There is no wind. The clouds are fixed in motionless forms. The universal calm is more frightful than many avalanches or an earthquake of Lisbon. The whole world stands petrified at sight of some Medusa's head. This is the aspect our common workaday world presents to the over-educated, hyperæsthetised Jacques Bernys.

Many young men suffer in this way—especially in countries where tennis-lawns are rare and golf-links unknown—and the general advice given them by sage matrons is, take a wife. Jacques does—somebody else's, of course. But even illicit amours have no consolation for him. His dual existence is in the way: at the lover's elbow stands the critic, predicting the inevitable end and pointing out, the curmudgeon, that all is vanity. "The man to whom the gods have refused the gift of simple-mindedness will never know the happiness of love."

Another remedy for this state of mind, much in favour with the faculty, is to take a sea voyage. Jacques tries this, too, wandering over the ocean without coming into port, like the Flying Dutchman.

But all in vain. He never escapes from the boredom of his own hypertrophied intellectualism. Ultimately he dies of a diseased liver. Probably (though neither he nor M. Maurice Sprouck ever seem to suspect the simple fact) it was all the fault of his liver from the first. Here is a case for applying Pascal's observation that an inch off Cleopatra's nose would have changed the fate of empires. A course of blue pill might have spared Jacques Bernys all his boredom. We fear the peculiar subject of this novel, ingeniously as it is worked out, will be fatal to it with the average reader. The bored are generally bores: and Jacques is a terrible bore.

It is a relief to turn from this novel of pessimism and morbid self-analysis to the frank animalism and delight of living shown in the personages of "Gyp." In the people whose dialogues fill Madame de Martel's new book, "Mariage Civil" (Calmann-Lévy), there is not a trace of intellectual hypertrophy, or dual consciousness, or morbid psychology: they are all very simple, very much alive, witty, wicked, well-born, well-dressed, and wonderfully amusing. Even Jacques Bernys could hardly have been bored in their joyous company. "Gyp's" puppets are, to be sure, all out of the old box. A lady who turns out a new book once a month cannot be expected to invent a new set of characters every time. Accordingly, we are not surprised to meet our old friends—the high-born girl who has a fancy for poking fun at the Faubourg St. Germain and for "chumming," in a ladylike way, with the populace; the cavalry lieutenant who—what shall we say?—who flirts with Madame la Colonelle; the préfet with the fashionable wife and the unfashionable préfecture; Fryleuse, Folleuil, Blanche de Chatou, and the rest. Their talk is the old "Gyp" talk, vivacious, slangy, rather too full of naughty double-meanings, perhaps, for serious readers. But then serious persons are hardly likely to read a book of Madame de Martel's. If it be objected that reviewers are serious persons, the answer is that reviewers may—nay, must—read everything.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB AND THE ACADEMY.

THE Academy is very generally considered to be our great art-centre; it is taken for granted that all pictures and statues with the least pretentions to merit are or have been on exhibition in the Academy. What has been refused at the Academy is looked upon as worthless, and what has not been sent to the Academy is looked upon with grave suspicion. The readers of THE SPEAKER know that this is an opinion which I am desirous of combating, and I will ask them to do what I did to-day, to go first to the New English Art Club—before they go to the Academy. It seems to me impossible for anyone to visit the two exhibitions without becoming convinced that whatever art there is at present in England is to be found in the New English Art Club rather than in the Academy. Many, I know, will think this opinion extravagant. Well, let them visit the two exhibitions—let them go in this frame of mind: that to understand the merits of a picture is the most difficult thing in this world. There are men who are capable of arguing complicated financial questions, arranging treaties with Bismarck, of even discussing the merits and demerits of novels, operas, and poems, without venting any absurd opinion or judgment, and who yet are incapable of speaking for a few minutes about pictures without proving their absolute ignorance of the art and their natural incapacity to understand it. The yearly banquet at Burlington House is a striking example of this. There was there this year a gentleman who made some facetious remarks about Prince Troubetzkoy's portrait in the New English Art Club. He was still striving to understand what it all meant. He had asked if the artist meant, etc. I will not try to recall the worthy gentleman's jokes. It is possible that he never saw Prince Troubetzkoy's picture; I hope he never did, for what hope is there for a man who goes to the New English Art Club, examines this portrait, studies it, goes on to the Academy, examines, studies the portrait of Mrs. Tate by Mr. Fildes, and then declares that he prefers Mr. Fildes' portrait to Prince Troubetzkoy's. Alas, there is no hope for him. I trust, therefore, that he did not see the picture he tried to ridicule, or only saw it superficially, as one sees things at private view. Perhaps this gentleman would be surprised to hear that it would not be difficult to find, even among the exhibitors at the Royal Academy, a hundred artists who would not hesitate to declare this portrait to be a very fine work indeed—better than any portrait hanging now in the Academy. The gentleman in question might say that he was of the same opinion still, and very probably would choose Mr. Dicksee's "Leila" or Mr. Leader's "Cornish Coast" as representing exactly his ideas of what pictures ought to be. But I will imagine that I have some readers who are willing to think for themselves, who are even anxious to educate their taste. I will ask them to study very carefully two water-colours by H. Brabazon. I warn the reader that at first sight these water-colours will seem to be little more than some pretty dabs of colour; and he will think them too slight; he will say: "Surely the masters have always pushed things further." Such thoughts came into my mind, and I think I am right in saying that such thoughts are inevitably suggested by Mr. Brabazon's water-colours. I argued with myself yesterday, but every time my eye caught sight of the pictures I saw something in them that I had not seen before. I do not believe the man exists who could recognise their beauty at first sight; their beauty is so elusive, so far removed from all that the public thinks excellent—in plainer words, so far removed from Van Beers—that only a few even of those who try to understand will succeed. But I should like to make a few converts, and I will ask my readers to compare Mr. Brabazon's work with Mr. Francis James's. He will at first think Mr. James's work vastly superior. He will say, "Now these candlesticks are beautifully drawn; here at least something has been done." Presently Mr. James's yellow background will begin to bore him, and he will begin to perceive that there is a sense of evanescent colour in Mr. Brabazon that is not in Mr. James. Then, after a walk down the gallery, he will begin to see that the sketches, though apparently the very slightest, are not so slight as they appear to be; that they have the breadth that the masters have. To still further assist my reader I will ask him to compare Mr. Brabazon's work with "From Southwold Pier," by Mr. Simpson, and I hope that he will be able to see that Mr. Simpson's work looks like geometry when compared with Mr. Brabazon's.

I will ask my reader to look at "Cheyne Walk West—Noon," by Mr. Maitland, and also at "On the Lake of Geneva," by Mr. Walter Bates. I will not ask him to waste much time over Miss McCausland's "Hollyhocks," which, although well drawn, are not pleasant in colour, but I will ask him when he goes to the Academy to look at this lady's picture of two little French girls (937), a most meritorious piece of work; and, among Academic atrocities, it looks like a little masterpiece. Very high above it there hangs a very tiny picture (935); it seems to me quite a charming thing, and it was considerate of the Academicians to hang it where their works could not impair or jar upon its delicate beauty. Returning to the New English Art Club, I will ask my reader to consider, "Boats on the Medway," by Mr. Bernhard Sickert. I will not insist on his admiring either the boat or the long mast which divides the picture, but I will ask him to agree with me that all the distance on the right—and this distance is the picture—is full of a pure and beautiful enchantment. Mr. Buxton

Knight's picture is more conventional—I liked it better the first time I saw it; yet compare it with the landscapes that the Academy chooses to honour—those by Mr. Leader and Mr. David Murray—and it at once becomes a masterpiece. And then, my dear reader, give all your attention to Mr. Henry Muhrman's "Fishing Smacks at Hastings," and, bearing its charm well in mind, when you go to the Academy try to find there something that you would like better to live with; something which would prove a more agreeable ornament and companion in your wife's drawing-room, or in your own study. I do not wish to disguise my opinion of Mr. Mark Fisher; for seven or eight years, since I first saw his work, I have always considered him to be the first living English landscape painter. I think he has done some imperishable work, and I feel sure a picture by him will one day find its way into the National Gallery; I hope it will be the farm-yard which he exhibited last year at the New English Art Club. I do not care much about the two pictures he exhibits in the New Gallery; but I do declare that "A Summer's Noon" is a most delightful piece of painting, ten thousand times superior to any landscape in the Academy. The Academy I now know completely. Certainly no good picture—and I do not believe any middling picture—has escaped me, and I have no hesitation in saying that I defy anyone to find among all the thousands of pictures exhibited there a landscape equal to "A Summer's Noon." And close at hand there hangs a trifle, "Winter," by G. F. Whitelaw Hamilton, price £15, which would not look ugly in a room; I do not put it forward as being anything exceptional, I cite it merely to show that I could pick up as many pretty ornaments in the New English Art Club as I could in this year's Academy. I like too Mr. Henry's "Flemish Homestead," and I think Mr. Alexander Roche's picture of a village a finely conceived and finely executed piece of work; all the forms of the streets and houses are well seen, and the eye that saw these streets is one that sees truly and strongly, and the vision is original vision. Mr. Henry's second picture, "Harvest Time," strikes me as being better than his "Flemish Homestead."

Mr. Steer's portrait seemed to me to look better than it did on private view-day. I do not think it is a complete success, but it is impossible to fail to see that the painter had a high ideal in his mind, and his attempt to attain his ideal is both interesting and creditable. The drawing and the painting of the figure could not be improved; but, unfortunately, the artist has failed in the face. If he had not failed in the face, he would have done a very fine portrait. Perhaps he will be able to rectify his mistake when the picture comes home when the exhibition closes. His small portrait at the end of the room is a complete success.

And to close this notice I must say a word about Prince Troubetzkoy's portrait. It may seem to the facetious gentleman at the Academy banquet to be a ridiculous piece of work; to me, I confess, it seems to be a very fine portrait, the only portrait that I have seen this year that I could live with. The background, I admit, is incoherent; but the face is a really beautiful piece of painting: the drawing of the figure is exquisite. I am perfectly alive to the faults of the picture; I have studied the picture carefully, and I am intimately acquainted with every wandering fibre of the art from which it proceeds. Of course the speaker at the banquet may be right and I may be wrong. Mr. Fildes' portrait of Mrs. Tate may be more original and more moving, Mr. Herkomer's portrait of a board of directors may be more distinguished and sympathetic. Of course no one knows what the judgment of time may be; time may declare against Shakespeare and in favour of Tupper; and when time has accomplished this *volte face* I can readily believe that time will also choose Mr. Fildes' portrait of Mrs. Tate rather than Prince Troubetzkoy's portrait now hanging in the New English Art Club.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"Karín."—"A Caprice."—"Vote for Giggs."

SOME time ago ladies used to carry formidable weapons with long, heavy handles, which they pretended to use as parasols, but which the world at large, preferring to name things by their names, called "husband-beaters." These implements—all husbands will be relieved to know—have disappeared, a convenient substitute having been found for them in volumes of the Scandinavian drama. Any casual volume will do. *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*—which, being translated, means: no matter what the Scandinavian play may be about, it is always the husband who gets sat upon. In the theatre of the blameless Hyperborean, the wife is quite literally the better half, the grey mare the better horse. Consider Ibsen's jury of matrons—Mrs. Alving, Mrs. Linden, Mrs. Helmer, Mrs. Tesman—they have all brought in a verdict against the common enemy, the husband, of "guilty, without extenuating circumstances," guilty on the score of intellect, or of morals, or of the original sin of being "average sensual men." There are, to be sure, a few instances the other way. There is Mrs. Wangel, and there is Mrs. Rosmer. But, as these make against my case, I am, of course, justified in ignoring them. It is sufficiently certain that one of the main doctrines, always implied if not always directly promulgated, in Scandinavian drama is that summed up in Consul Bernick's declaration: "it is you women who are the pillars of society." The latest illustration of this view is *Karín*, a play Englished by Mrs. Hugh Bell from the Swedish of Mrs. (I think I am safe in saying "Mrs.," for her contempt must surely be bred of familiarity) Alfhild Agrell. Here we have the typical household of the Scandinavian theatre; we might call the play, after a famous book of M. Gustave Droz, "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé." Monsieur (of course), is made of frogs and snails and puppy-dogs' tails: selfish, as you note from the way in which he takes up all the fire after breakfast; sensual, as you see from the photograph of a light-o'-love which accidentally falls from his coat-pocket; silly, as you perceive from his petulant remarks on "superior" women. Madame (again, of course), is made of sugar and spice and all that's nice: a meek, submissive servant of her tyrannous mate, a cypher in her own household, a patient Grisel, a Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewit. Bébé—well, Bébé is there and, though he is neither seen nor (thank goodness!) heard, he is not without his influence on the story. Indeed, Bébé is the disintegrating factor, and finally the disruptive force which, as you shall see, rends the household asunder. It is, obviously, an Ibsen household, nay, in some degree, *A Doll's House*-hold. For the husband, Oscar Hjerne, has borrowed his complacent egoism, his tacit assumption of the inferiority of woman, and his position as *employé* in a bank, from Torvald Helmer. The wife, Karín, ultimately follows Nora's example in insisting on leaving her husband's roof, against his will. And yet the play is not an Ibsen play. In some respects it is a Scribe play, for two temporary members of the household, Oscar's mother and Karín's uncle—who "take sides" for their respective relations, declare "war to the knife," and mark each point in the *Kriegspiel* with a catchword, "that's the strength of *my* position"—belong to the theatrical family of *Bataille de dames*. These twain are, in fact, personages of "convention" (I am sorry to use a word which, I know, drives some of my most respected *confrères* to frenzy, but there is really no help for it), and they are not the only "conventional" elements in the piece. There are, for instance, obviously artificial juxtapositions.

The same day serves as the mother-in-law's birthday, which the son scrupulously celebrates, and the wife's, which the husband entirely forgets. Then there is the anniversary of the wife's mother's death, which the husband declines to keep, and which a former boy-sweetheart of the wife's marks by a gift to Karín of violets from the grave. But these are quite harmless conventions.

It is not until we are half-way through the play that we find between the method of Ibsen and the method of Mrs. Agrell a great gulf fixed. For the be-all and end-all of the Norwegian's plan is to show us the seamy side of average respectability, to challenge and upset—as Mr. Bernard Shaw in his "Quintessence of Ibsenism" has brilliantly demonstrated—our current moral ideals. The Swede seems to have begun her play with some such object in view; but she soon changes her mind, and springs upon us a sudden revolution in the character of Oscar Hjerne, which quickens and intensifies the dramatic action, but has the effect of leaving current morality exactly where it was. For Oscar, we find by-and-by, is something else than—something which, we submit, has no causal relationship with—the typical married egoist presented to us at the outset. He ceases to be an average sensual man, and becomes a "case," a criminal specimen, something to be anthropometrised in the Paris Préfecture of Police, or photographed at Newgate, or figured (with a diagram of his frontal angle) in Lombroso. In plain English, he has embezzled the moneys of the bank. From the moment of this discovery you conclude that *Karín* has slipped off the Ibsen plane, ceased to deal with any everyday problem of sociology or ethics, and become a mere play like another. For Karín happens to possess the exact sum which Oscar needs to make good his defalcations at the bank and so to be spared the disgrace of exposure. You assume, experienced playgoer as you are, that the play is now at an end, seeing that Karín will, of course, at once hand over the money to her husband. But you are wrong. The revelation of her husband's crime has the same effect on Karín as the revelation of her husband's egoism has upon Nora. She sees that her duty as a mother transcends her duty as a wife, and she revolts. The money is her child's fortune; she refuses to hand it over. Nor does the dramatist shirk the whole truth by asking us to accept her conduct on the mere plea of maternal instinct. For Karín also refuses on her own account: perceiving that her husband's conviction as a criminal will mean her escape from domestic bondage. Here, you see, the play has again gone up to the higher plane, posits a genuine problem of ethics, though one which is less interesting than any of Ibsen's, because it is exceptional, does not come home, as his do, to our business and bosoms. The next moment, however, down comes the play once more with a run. Bébé dies—a cheap expedient within the compass of any melodramadelphist—and Karín gives the money in exchange for leave to depart with the little corpse in her arms. Some natural tears we shed over this pathetic incident—are inclined to shed more with vexation that so fresh and stimulating a play should end with so stale a trick. And yet, if you ask me how else the play is to be brought to an end, I confess I have no answer ready. Should Karín thrust her purse into Oscar's hand (just as he is going to give himself up to the police) with a cry of "Husband!"? Pooh! Should she calmly let him go off handcuffed, and then gloat over her gold like Gaspard in *Les Cloches de Corneville?* Faugh! No, I give it up.

On its two afternoons of performance at the Vaudeville *Karín* was well acted by all concerned—the wife more than well, indeed, with marvellous sympathy and power, by Miss Elizabeth Robins, who has already achieved brilliant success in portraying the complex and subtle women of the Scandinavian repertory, for which by temperament and intellectual penetration she seems pre-eminently fitted. Miss Bateman as Mrs. Hjerne thrilled us all at one moment with the old thrill of *Leah*, and Mr. Fuller Mellish was excellent as the husband. I hope that this interesting drama will soon find its way into some evening bill. Why not? The market is certainly not overstocked with interesting plays just now. *A Caprice*, a skilful translation from Alfred de Musset by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, which preceded *Karín* at the Vaudeville, if no longer what Gautier called the play on its production at the Français in 1847, "un grand événement littéraire," was very welcome as showing that Miss Marion Lea is at her best and brightest in polite comedy. But it was a pity the performers modernised the dresses: Musset, I submit, should be played in "keepsake" costumes.

On Mr. Thomas Thorne's new production, *Vote for Giggs*, an adaptation from M. Albin Valabrègue's *Homme de Paille*, I have only one criticism to offer, which may be summed up in either or both of two expletives which I have already used in the course of this article.

A. B. W.

AT COVENT GARDEN.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS has now three short operas on hand, with which he makes permutations and combinations. For the opening performance he gave *Philémon et Baucis*, followed by *La Cavalleria Rusticana*. The next evening the bill put forth was composed of *Orfeo*, followed by *Philémon et Baucis;* and before long we shall probably be offered on the same occasion *La Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Orfeo*. Many years ago, in the time of Mr. Lumley, it would not have been thought out of the way to present the three works on one and the same evening; and the admirers of a triple bill may yet hope to see the device which has proved so successful at the Court Theatre imitated at Covent Garden. Meanwhile, the performance of *Orfeo*, which was to have been given on the second night—with *Philémon et Baucis* "to follow"—had, in consequence of the illness of Mademoiselle Giulia Ravogli, to be postponed. Otherwise, both the sisters would have been heard in the parts identified with them ever since their first appearance in England.

Giulia and Sofia Ravogli have given to Gluck's opera a new line of life. The work was looked upon until the time of their arrival as an interesting specimen of archaic music; and after a first appeal to curiosity no one expected it to draw. Yet, with the sisters Ravogli in the two great characters, it has for successive seasons proved a powerful attraction. The oldest work for performing purposes in the operatic repertory used to be Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*. Now, however, that Gluck's *Orfeo* has, in the fullest sense of the word, been "revived," we find our musical boundary pushed back a considerable distance, even to the middle of the eighteenth century; the period which claims the original *Orfeo*—not, of course, in its French, but in its original Italian form. The performance of Mlle. Giulia Ravogli in this admirable work has been so often described that there is now nothing more to say on the subject, except, indeed, that no other of her numerous impersonations is so remarkable for its grace, its dramatic force, and its musical expression.

Philémon et Baucis, played for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera during the autumn season of last year, has, for most of Sir Augustus Harris's subscribers, such attractiveness as must always belong to a new work. It seems unsuited in every respect to an immense theatre whose frequenters are accustomed to representations of grand opera, with chorus, ballet, and large masses on the stage. It is, indeed, composed for four characters only; it is without chorus, and its musical pieces are connected, not, as in all other operas performed at Covent Garden, by recitative, but by spoken dialogue. It is a small work, even for the Opéra Comique

of Paris, where it was originally produced; and to undertake the part of Baucis at the Royal Italian Opera, a singer has been engaged whose voice is small indeed. Miss Sigrid Arnoldson, the vocalist in question, sang as a member of Sir Augustus Harris's Opera Company a few years ago, when he was giving performances of Italian Opera at Drury Lane; and the smallness of her beautiful voice was duly noted at the time. Now that it is heard in a larger arena it seems to have become beautifully less; and in the first act, where Baucis is an old woman, its thinness suggests, only too forcibly, declining years. In the second act the rejuvenated Baucis has some charming music to sing; and in the elaborate and very brilliant waltz air the feebleness of Miss Arnoldson's physical resources was forgotten in the perfection of her execution. The representatives of Jupiter and of Vulcan, M. Plançon and M. Castelmary, are excellent both as singers and as actors, and M. Castelmary's delivery of Vulcan's characteristic song on the subject of hammers and anvils was most effective. In the French dramatic version of the ancient myth its beauty and its pathos entirely disappear. That, however, is not the fault of M. Plançon, who does his best to give the Jupiter of the piece at least some outward semblance of dignity; otherwise, to restore an aged and affectionate couple to youth, and then cause dissension between them by making love to the wife, was scarcely worthy even of the most unprincipled of the Gods. The part of Philémon is sung by M. Montariol, a tenor who has little indeed to recommend him. Wanting in voice, he is not without expression; and his performance is at least not marred by any faults of taste such as Sir Augustus Harris's new Italian tenor, Signor de Lucia, is guilty of in his impersonation of Turridu in *La Cavalleria Rusticana*.

The hero of Mascagni's very melodious, and at the same time very dramatic opera should, as the very title of the work suggests, be chivalrous in spite of his rusticity. He may be unfaithful to Santuzza, and he may—indeed, must—provoke her by his infidelity. But he should not behave rudely to her and insult her. To turn to a more agreeable side of Signor de Lucia's impersonation, he acted and sang most pathetically in the touching scene where Turridu, about to fight Lola's husband and resolved beforehand to let himself be slain by the man he has so deeply injured, takes farewell of his old mother. In the drinking song he made but little effect; though it has become one of the traditions of the performance to sing this song a second time whether the audience redemands it or not. In like manner the beautiful orchestral intermezzo is invariably repeated. But for this on the opening night there was a genuine call, and Signor Mancinelli's musicians certainly played it to perfection. The part of Lola is not well suited to Mlle. Giulia Ravogli; nor is Lola's lively, reckless air well suited to her voice, for which (apart from all question of character) it is a little high.

On the 8th of June Sir Augustus Harris will give the first of his German performances, and musical works will then be played at Covent Garden in three different languages. To many it will seem strange that at an English theatre operas should be sung in Italian, French, and German, but never—not even when an English work is performed—in English; for the *Esmeralda* of the late Mr. Goring Thomas, composed for an English libretto, is given at the Royal Italian Opera in French. Meanwhile, the theatre built by Mr. D'Oyly Carte specially for representations of English Opera, and called "English Opera House," has been let for French plays; and there is now little prospect of its ever being turned to the purpose for which it was constructed. The name is of evil omen—at least in regard to music. It was borne some half a century ago by the theatre known of late years as the Lyceum; and the "English Opera House" of Wellington Street remained true to its original designation but little longer than the "English Opera House" of Shaftesbury Avenue has done.

THE WEEK.

POPULAR historical literature is to be enriched with yet another course of books. The "American History Series" will consist of five low-priced volumes containing a connected history of the United States from the discovery of America to the present day. The first volume, "The Colonial Era," will be by PROFESSOR FISHER; the others by PROFESSOR SLOANE, of Princeton; PRESIDENT WALKER, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and PROFESSOR BURGESS, of Columbia. MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. will publish the series in this country. A different branch of American history, the relations of France and England in North America, is the special province of MR. FRANCIS PARKMAN. His two former volumes on this subject, "Count Frontenac" and "Montcalm and Wolfe," are to be connected by a third, "A Half-Century of Conflict." This work, which, like its predecessors, is founded on original documents, will be published by MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS and MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON are again working at prose fiction. MR. MORRIS's mediæval romance will be longer than "The House of the Wolfings," or "The Roots of the Mountains"; MR. STEVENSON'S new book will be called "David Balfour," the long-promised sequel to "Kidnapped." MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN will publish immediately "Miss Falkland, and Other Stories," by MISS CLEMENTINA BLACK, and "The Mystery of a Studio, and Other Stories," by MR. ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER. MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS announce a new novel by MR. LEONARD MEYRICK, "The Man who was Good," and "The Constable of St. Nicholas," a one-volume story by MR. LESTER ARNOLD.

THE next volume of MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN'S "Muses' Library," the "Poems of Andrew Marvell," is ready. The "Herrick," the first number of this exquisite series of English poets, is one of the most successful publications of the year, as it well deserved to be. Publishing may be a great lottery, but there seems to be no doubt that good books, well handled by editor, printer, and bookbinder, are as safe as the bank. MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN are not confining their enterprise to *belles-lettres*. They have in the press an important historical manual. "Colonial Chronology," compiled and arranged by MR. H. J. ROBINSON, is a chronology of the principal events connected with the English Colonies and India from the close of the fifteenth century to the present time. In the first part of this work the chief events are recorded in parallel columns; in Part Second each Colony is treated separately. The purpose of the work is to present, in a simple concise form, a comprehensive outline of colonial history. A series of maps illustrates the progress of settlement and colonisation.

AT the risk of being stigmatised as a "drum-and-trumpet" historian, SIR J. H. RAMSAY has taken great pains in verifying as far as possible the incidents of battles, the marches of armies, and the strength of their numbers, in his "Lancaster and York: A Century of English History" (Clarendon Press). The verification of dates is another point to which SIR JAMES has paid special attention in the interests of scholars. This book is the last volume of a history of the first fifteen hundred years of England, to which the author has devoted twenty-one years of his life. Why he publishes the last portion of his work first he does not specify. The earlier volumes are to follow without delay.

To illustrate in detail the working of those principles which, according to BISHOP STUBBS, found in

the reign of STEPHEN the first opportunity of exhibiting their real tendencies, is the chief object MR. J. H. ROUND set himself in writing "Geoffrey de Mandeville: a Study of the Anarchy" (LONGMANS). The career of GEOFFREY was chosen to form the basis of the narrative as the most perfect and typical presentment of the feudal and anarchic spirit that stamps the reign of STEPHEN.

THE late LADY VERNEY, in looking over the MS. treasure of Claydon House, came upon a bundle, endorsed by some fatuous person, "private letters of no interest"; and from the arrangement of these grew the idea of writing the story of the family. Her work was the solace of years of constant pain; and of the two volumes now published under the title of "Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Civil War" (LONGMANS), she had completed the whole of the first and a large part of the second before her death. Her daughter-in-law MRS. VERNEY, and the MISSES SPRING-RICE, have finished the work. It is illustrated from the portraits at Claydon House. MR. S. R. GARDINER writes an introduction.

MR. MONCURE CONWAY has written a "Life of Thomas Paine," with a history of his literary, political, and religious career in America, France, and England, which will be issued shortly by G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. A second edition of MARK PATTISON'S "Isaac Casaubon" is issued from the Clarendon Press. "Eminent Persons" is a set of biographies reprinted from the *Times* for 1880-1889. "American Life" (CASSELL) is translated from the French of PAUL DE ROUSIERS by MR. A. J. HERBERTSON. "Gryll Grange" (DENT) occupies two volumes of the new issue of PEACOCK'S works. "Seventeenth Century Lyrics" (PERCIVAL) is the latest addition to MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY'S "Pocket Library."

EVER since DAGUERRE announced his discovery of a method for taking what were then termed "Sun pictures," many minds have been occupied in attempting to find out some means by which objects in their natural colours could be photographed. The popular meaning of the term colour-photography may be stated as "any way of obtaining a positive print on sensitised paper from a negative on glass or some other transparent support." If we take that process which has lately been laid before us by MR. IVES, we see at once that here we have no case of "colour-photography" proper, but simply what we might call a "toy," as a kaleidoscope would be so termed by us, the "toy" all the same being most ingeniously constructed. Very different from this is the method adopted by M. LIPPMANN, who has quite recently presented some of his results to the Paris Academy. His process may be said to be a genuine case of colour photography, the author using all the usual appliances and chemicals. His photographic plate differs somewhat from those ordinarily used by having under the film, which in this case is composed of albumeno-bromide of silver rendered ortho-chromatic by azalin and cyanin, a reflecting surface. The negatives which he obtained in this way when viewed by transmission showed all the complementary colours, but when seen by reflection displayed all the natural colours of the object in quite a realistic manner. Of the solar spectrum, which is generally the one first experimented on, he obtained some brilliant photographs in less than thirty seconds, while of other subjects, such as stained glass windows, flags, oranges, etc., the results were equally good. One of the great drawbacks to the process at present is the very long exposures that have to be given: but this, after all, is a minor detail, and can be remedied by increasing the sensitiveness of the film.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

DR. FRITHIOF NANSEN keeps receiving a great number of applications from men who wish to join him in his adventurous undertaking. DR. NANSEN has so far selected three companions—viz., his old friend and follower across the Greenland ice, CAPTAIN SVERDRUP; First-Lieutenant of the Norwegian Navy SCOTT-SLAUSEN; and the well-known, plucky, and experienced whaling captain, I. INGEBRIGTSEN, from Tromso. The latter gentleman is forty-nine years old, and the fact of his having been desirous of joining DR. NANSEN is a great compliment to the judgment of the younger man. LIEUTENANT SCOTT-SLAUSEN is twenty-four years old. DR. NANSEN has just accepted an offer from the Christiania Carrier Pigeon Club to provide him with a number of pigeons for his forthcoming expedition.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue are those of MR. C. H. MELDON, Q.C., LL.D., the whip of the Home Rule party when it was led by MR. BUTT, and member for Kildare from 1874 to 1885; MR. PHILIP VANDERBYL, who was well known as an engineer and contractor in foreign countries, and after several unsuccessful attempts to enter Parliament, sat as member for Portsmouth in 1885; GENERAL NOBLE, R.E., Superintendent of the Royal Gunpowder Factory, and an expert in explosives; FATHER LOCKHART, once head of the famous Anglican monastery at Littlemore, whose secession to Rome was an important factor in that of NEWMAN, and who had latterly, though a devoted follower of ROSMINI, occupied a very high post in the councils of the Vatican; GENERAL KLAPKA, KOSSUTH'S ablest general in the Hungarian revolution of 1848; M. PAUL SANDRIQUE, once GAMBETTA'S private secretary, and a deputy for the Aisne; Senator JOHN S. BARBOUR, of West Virginia; and MR. JAMES OSGOOD, of the well-known American publishing firm.

A SORDID PHILOSOPHY.

THERE is in South-East Suffolk a desert of moor and wood that lies between a salt estuary and the sea. Part of this is the remains of a very old, perhaps a primeval, forest. Here there are beautiful old oaks and white-stemmed hollies, and ivy-grown thickets into which neither sun nor wind can penetrate; but the open heath beyond is both sun-baked and wind-harried. In summer it is like a Turkey carpet; the purple and pink of the ling and the bell-heather are closely interwoven with the yellow tufts of dwarf furze; while the air is haunted by the honeyed sweetness that comes and goes with the sunshine and the stirring of the wind. But in winter the bitter east winds, telling of icebergs and frozen seas, sweep over the waste, howling about the belts of Scotch fir, which here and there raise red stems and sombre green boughs above the withered heather.

Alone in this desert, a mile or more from any human habitation, is a cottage originally intended for a keeper's lodge. My family had hired this house for several years; we used to spend a few weeks there every summer in a picnic fashion. One winter, diphtheria of a very bad type broke out near our home, and it was thought best to send away the children to the cottage. I set off at once, with a servant, to prepare for their coming on the following day. When we were on the way to the cottage (it was a long drive of some sixteen or seventeen miles) a telegram overtook the servant, begging her to return at once, as her mother was dying. Thus it happened that I arrived at the cottage quite alone.

It was intensely cold. Snow had begun to fall by the way, and when I reached my journey's end the heath was a great white waste over which a

cutting wind hurried, driving overhead masses of dirty-looking yellow clouds. I set to work to prepare the rooms, with the help of a woman from the little village that was about a mile and a half away, situated in a sheltered hollow of cultivated land. About four o'clock, when it grew dusk, the woman left me, promising to come early on the next morning. She could not spend the night at the cottage, as her husband and children were expecting her at home.

Tea, a bright fire, and books made excellent company for me. It seemed strange and lonely to be so far from any human being; but, as I knew, even should such an improbable thing happen as that burglars should try to enter the house—in which they could have no possible object—the doors and windows were very securely barred and bolted. At eleven o'clock I went up-stairs to my bedroom and opened the casement and looked out. The snow had ceased to fall, and a bright moon was shining, making the shadows of the little group of Scotch firs near the house, and of the belt of them half a mile away, look black and sinister upon the smooth white sheet. The wind had dropped, and it was intensely, breathlessly cold. There was not a creature, not a fox nor an owl; not a movement of air nor of trees to be seen. Everything seemed dead. I was just about to step back from the window, when I saw a black figure, that of a short man or boy, creep wearily out of the belt of firs over the snow towards the cottage. He seemed half-frozen, and so weak that he could scarcely drag one leg after the other. As he came nearer I could see that he had a very white face, and the pale blonde hair that generally only belongs to little children. He looked like a boy, but might possibly be older. He was dressed shabbily in black—a clerk from a country town, I fancied. Bitterly cold as it was, he wore neither great-coat nor comforter. He knocked feebly at the door, turning round once or twice to look up and down the road, as though he were expecting to see someone.

"What do you want?" I asked from my window.

"I have lost my way—I'm exhaustered with cold and 'unger, miss—I'm perished," he said, in a broken voice.

I unbarred the door, and he reeled in and fell down in a heap on the hearth. The warmth soon brought him back to consciousness. I hastily set the kettle on the fire and went to the pantry to fetch some food. When I returned he was sitting in an arm-chair. I had relit the lamp, and the light fell full upon him; upon his tired white face that I had at first thought was that of a boy, but which I now saw to be older in expression; upon his hands, which evidently had not been hardened by any coarse manual work; upon his threadbare clothes, soaked through by the snow and soiled here and there with dull-coloured stains. . . . Suddenly a horrible idea flashed upon me. About a week before, a robbery and murder had been committed by a young man at one of the eastern coast towns. Every newspaper was full of the loathsome details and of portraits or descriptions of the murderer, who had escaped. Involuntarily I cried, "You are Cannell!"

He tried to rise from his chair, and his face twitched. "You're—you're—laffing at me," he said, trying to recover composure.

But, seized with fear and disgust, I cried, "Get up; you shall not stay a minute longer in this house!"

It only needed a little resolution on my part to force him to go. He was absolutely weak and exhausted, and crouched helplessly in his chair. "Get up," I cried again, and opened the door on the great waste of snow. A current of frozen air rushed in. I had taken down a heavy riding crop from its place over the mantelpiece, and held it, with the butt-end raised, as though I were ready to strike him unless he went. But he groaned, and covered his face with his hands.

"You'll kill me, miss," he said.

I had had very little to do with the criminal classes. Considering how many horrors are reported every day in the newspapers, it is comforting to reflect how seldom the ordinary walk of life brings anyone in contact with murderers. Once only I had been called upon to visit a man in gaol, and then I had been filled with the same unpleasant feeling of visiting "poor relations" that a visit to the monkey house will give one. The prisoners looked horribly like everybody else, except of course for the difference in dress.

The same thought returned to me now. Cannell was dreadfully human, and I could not close my eyes to this, nor treat him like some wild beast, and turn him out into the freezing night. He was quite right; it would kill him; and I had no wish to take it upon myself to be his executioner. I shut the door and put some food on the table.

"You can eat and drink, and then you must go," I said. He crept up to the table, but was too weak to help himself to the food, and I had to do it. I had fetched a flask of brandy, and was going to mix some with hot water, but he stopped me. "I'm temperance," he said. The food and the warmth were reviving him. He drank greedily of the hot tea, thanking me politely as I gave him each thing. Even in his half-dead condition he held his cup genteelly, crooking his little finger. When he had finished, he turned his dull eyes on me and said, "I suppose, miss, you'll let me stop the night. You made a mistake, miss, about—about my name. It's not what you said—its Sydney Spenser—but perhaps you won't mention my 'aving been 'ere, for family reasons, being temporarily in trouble. . . It's difficult for you, miss, who have everything so nice and proper in this 'ome, and being a lady too, to understand anyone getting into trouble, but you don't know the temptations to—to get into trouble, when one's in pore circumstances."

"Do you mean in want?" I asked.

"Not want exactly, miss—not want of bread—but want of many other things that seem more than bread—decent clothes to go to church in on a Sunday, and to live respectable, so you aren't ashamed of visitors seeing your 'ome because it looks so pore and common. It's the feeling of the thing, miss. People look down on you, and think you belong to the lower classes. Coming 'ome from the orfice one night, a gentleman on 'orseback drops his whip, and he says to me, 'Young feller,' says he, 'just pick up that whip,' and he offers me threepence in coppers. He took me for a working-man, I suppose, my clothes were so old and shabby. That kind of thing, miss, is very 'ard to bear."

"But the great thing surely is to be honest and upright, and people must respect you then," I urged.

"So they say, but I don't believe them, miss. It's what you 'ave to spend, and what you wear, makes you looked up to. It's them that wears the shoe that knows where it pinches. People who 'aven't the temptations don't need to get into trouble. It isn't much credit to them to keep out of it. I heard a doctor once say, miss, that you're born with the germs of the illness that you'll die of. I believe, miss, that you're born too with the temptations inside of you that will ruin you."

"But you can resist the temptations."

"Some you can, miss—those that don't tempt you very 'ard. I took the pledge, and kept it. I never could agree with drinking and low ways. I go to church or chapel regular on a Sunday. I think it doesn't look right not to go to some place of worship. I kep' myself as respectable as I knew how, but I only got a salary of £25 a year. You can't help living and dressing very pore on that, miss."

I made up the fire, and left him to sleep upon the hearth with some blankets. I locked my door and settled myself into an arm-chair. It was out of the question to go to bed, even had there been no reason to sit up. My nerves were in such a strained condition that sleep would have been impossible to me. Thoughts of the murdered man—of the

murderer below—of his sordid philosophy—preyed upon me. Was there some truth, after all, in the old Calvinist doctrine of predestination, which had taken a new form in his words, "I believe that you're born with the temptations inside you that will ruin you"?

The bitterly cold night wore slowly away, every minute of it fraught with anguish, and doubt, and heart-searching to me. When the dawn began to show itself I heard sounds of stirring below, and by the time the crimson sun rose over the snowy edge, Cannell had slipped softly out of the house and was limping along the road towards the market-town, where there is a railway-station and where ships come up the river.

About mid-day the children arrived—very hungry, and inquiring anxiously after their dinner, although there wanted another hour to the orthodox dinner-time. They had a piece of news to give me: "There was such a crowd when we came to the last town before we got here. Nanna stopped the fly and asked a man what it was, and he said they had caught a horrid murderer who had murdered an old man at Yarmouth. Nanna says they'll hang him. Hanging's too good for him, she says. Aren't you glad they caught him? May we have pancakes for dinner? We always do when we're at the Cottage, you know." C. F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ALIEN QUESTION.

Sir,—As Mr. Llewellyn Smith has alluded to me in his thoughtful paper which appeared in your columns last week upon the alien question, I should like to be allowed very briefly to point out a few leading considerations which weigh with those who advocate the restrictive measure he condemns.

It may be laid down as an axiom admitting of no cavil that every State should deal with its own destitute and worthless citizens, and that this can only be brought about by other countries refusing to admit them. Moreover, every country in Europe (with the possible exception of France and the insignificant one of Portugal), the United States, and our Colonies have already taken steps to guard against this evil. In fact, roughly speaking, no country in the civilised world will take our paupers, our lunatics, our outcasts. Why then in the name of common sense should we be compelled to take theirs?

Again, this question is not one of numbers. Merely admitting, for the sake of argument, Mr. Giffen's estimate to be correct, and that only some 10,000 aliens arrived here for settlement last year, it should be remembered that nearly one-half came to London alone, and that "of these nearly or quite 80 per cent. are reported to be destitute Jews" (I quote from the report of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis); and that those who came to other ports drifted to Leeds and the manufacturing cities of the North. It is very important to note the distribution of this alien influx if we are to form an adequate idea of the injury which it works upon our own people. In the most congested districts of our great cities, wherever the struggle for existence is keenest, there will the greatest number of these immigrants be found, with the inevitable result that the conditions of life become even harder than they were before. The power of the semi-destitute Russian Jew to undersell the labour of the English worker is admitted even by Mr. Llewellyn Smith, and if the competition were a fair one there could be no reasonable objection urged against it. But that is just what it is not, for it degrades the price of labour to a level below that upon which Englishmen can with decency exist, and forces him to struggle upon unequal terms with those who are willing to work for any number of hours, upon a wage barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and amid surroundings filthy and disgusting in the extreme. No one gains by this unholy competition (certainly not the poor immigrant, whose miseries are often worse than those he endured in the country from whence he came), no one, that is to say, except those unscrupulous persons whose business it is to keep the price of labour at its lowest level, and the only result is that in the trades and districts affected combination is rendered useless, wages are reduced, and the social well-being of our people is infinitely lowered.

Mr. Llewellyn Smith quibbles at the word "pauper." It may be admitted that in the strictly legal sense of the word, comparatively few of these immigrants are paupers, since they are able, as Lord Derby has put it, "to make a living." But it is the living of a savage and of a dog, and certainly not the one Englishmen and Englishwomen should be degraded to, or forced into competition with, in the land of their birth. It may be granted also that comparatively few aliens become chargeable upon the rates; the contention rather is that they drive the native worker upon them.

The question is not a party one, still less is it a sectarian one; it is simply one which concerns all those, of whatever party or whatever creed, who have the welfare of the working classes at heart. That the wage-earners are becoming keenly alive to this evil is shown by the resolutions which have been passed by upwards of fifty Trade Unions who have considered the subject. Since the beginning of the year I have attended seven meetings at working men's clubs (all of them Radical) in the East of London where the matter was discussed. At every one of them resolutions were passed calling upon the Government to take steps forthwith. I mention this because it may be interesting to those students of political meteorology to whom Mr. Llewellyn Smith refers. He seems, however, to base his opposition mainly upon grounds of political economy. May I be allowed to remind him that this movement is supported by many whose fidelity to Free Trade principles is above suspicion. But even if it were not so, it cannot be argued that the economic laws, which are applicable to goods, should govern man. There is no such thing as Free Trade in human bodies.—Thanking you, I am, Sir, your obedient servant, W. H. Wilkins.

15 B, Arlington Street, Piccadilly, S.W., May 19th, 1892.

[But *are* the immigrants competing to any important extent with English labour? The evidence shows that they are largely working at special trades, in which there is little or no English competition. Until Mr. Wilkins produces evidence to the contrary his society will not be listened to by serious students of the subject.—Ed.]

THE EIGHT-HOURS DAY IN AUSTRALIA.

Sir,—I don't know if Mr. Sidney Webb has ever been to Australia, but I have been there many times, and assert, without fear of contradiction, that a ten-hours day in England is very much less exhausting than eight hours in Australia.

I do not think, therefore, that the Australian practice has any bearing upon the course that should be adopted upon this question in England—except, indeed, as regards the principle of legislative interference with the hours of labour.—Yours respectfully, Richard Tangye.

Gilbertstone, Lyndon End, near Birmingham,
May 16, 1892.

"THE POPE, FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, AND MASONS."

Sir,—The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin has published a correspondence between himself and a lady which has a curious bearing upon your recent article and letters on this subject. A lady had asked the Archbishop to give or lend her a signed photograph of himself, to place by the side of a signed portrait of the Pope which she had already received from a Catholic gentleman for the portrait gallery at a Masonic fête; and the Archbishop replied that the gentleman, by what he had done, had encouraged Masonic proceedings and incurred the penalty of excommunication. It may possibly be wise for the Roman Catholic Church to stand aloof from Freemasonry in Roman Catholic countries, but, surely, to apply similar principles in so portentous a fashion to British and Colonial Freemasonry is ludicrously absurd; yet it seems, after all, that this at the present moment is still done. S. W.

THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

Sir,—I fear that this correspondence is not increasing the attractions of your paper, but I should like to say my last word.

The one objection to which your contributor still holds is this: although no student can count for any University purpose whatever classes he attended without previous examination, nevertheless he may be able to count them for certain exterior purposes. "Various ecclesiastical bodies and legal corporations" require, say, two sessions of University attendance from their students; and they may, as far as the ordinances go, content themselves with two unexamined sessions, if I may use the phrase. Of course they may. Who is to prevent them? They may make whatever regulations they may think best, and the Commission has no right to interfere.

This is my last word on the subject. Personally, I wish that there were public examinations for the middle and junior classes, though such an examination would perhaps amount to recognising them for University purposes, and would therefore be stamped as retrograde. I heartily wish to see the standard of work raised, the subjects further specialised, the salaries of the professors reduced and made independent of fees, and the vacations more utilised by students for purposes of study. I am in serious disagreement from your contributor on many points of detail and on the principal question—the attitude to be assumed towards the ordinances; but I expect we should often find ourselves on the same platform. "The Edinburgh Graduate" is not worthy of serious attention.—Yours obediently,

G. G. A. Murray.

ON THE HILLS: MAY.

BELOW in tranquil lustre lies the weald,
Verdant with croft and slowly heightening corn,
While drowsily upon the breeze is borne
The hum of toilers in an upland field,
By hanger and high underwood concealed,
Who, halting from the labour of the morn,
Cluster beneath a hedge of flowering thorn,
And to the listlessness of noonday yield.
In the clear heights above the hill-top's sward,
Poised o'er a budding brake of eglantine,
The skylark hymns as though he had outsoared
His wings' accustomed scope, and could divine
Elysian islands luminously shored,
And seas that with enchanted azure shine!

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, May 20th, 1892.

WE may learn at any Board School that Britons live in an island. It is equally true, however—though no Board School teaches it—that Britons think, argue, reason, and conclude in an island. The chief thing said about them in the Latin classics is that they are "divided from the whole world." Such did they appear in the days of Virgil, and such they boast themselves still. They will have none of the tunnel through the grey chalk. Their art, literature, morals, politics, are all insular; home-made and intended for home consumption. Their religion is a masterpiece of insularity. And their ideas, from first to last, are ostentatiously and provokingly British. Provoking, we mean, to foreigners, who, even when they understand, do not always admire them; but how much more to the philosopher, in whose eyes some of them are interesting only as curious survivals; and to the reformer, who, in their everlasting and irremovable presence, sits down in despair as on the wrong side of the Great Wall of China! It was this serene, self-centred assurance which stung Heine into the improper language he poured out upon the occasion of his visit to England. This it was which Hawthorne more slily satirised, and upon which Matthew Arnold spent all the shining arrows of his quiver in vain. This, finally, it was which drove Byron and Shelley into exile, maddened Carlyle, and gave Meredith his inexhaustible stock of witty and biting allusions to the island-egoist who has framed the universe to his own image and likeness, and who is never weary of regarding the same with huge but infatuated self-contentment. "An Englishman," remarks Cardinal Newman, "takes comparatively little interest in the manners, customs, or doings of foreign countries. Surrounded by the sea, he is occupied with himself; his attention is concentrated on himself; and he looks abroad only with reference to himself." Verily, it is an amiable portrait. But let us consider it a little.

Englishmen there certainly have been whom no one would dream of calling insular. Thomas More, Raleigh, Shakespeare, and Bacon have about them the large and human style which we associate with genius of the highest order, and especially with the Greeks for whom Plato philosophised and Aristotle wrote the first text-books of science. Again, there is something of the like spirit—though neither so firm nor so prevailing—in those singers, and romancists, and historians who belong to the chapter of progress since the French Revolution. To mistake that element in the "Prometheus Unbound," in Carlyle's finest essays, in George Eliot, or, once more, in Arnold and Meredith, would be to overlook that which gives them their power and their charm. Such men and women we may describe, for want of a better word, as cosmopolitan. They have entered into the current of European thought; they live out of their island; the centre from which they view things is neither the City nor South Kensington. Shall we say it is Paris? Assuredly it is not London. In Matthew Arnold's eyes, all who had reached this wider prospect were of the Renascence, and the circle of their ideas was liberal; not provincial, not insular. But the Renascence has its own place in history; and some in whose judgment it deserves the sternest condemnation must yet be deemed to have put off the English habit of thinking between north latitude fifty and fifty-nine, or confining their philosophy within six and a half degrees of longitude. The movement, however, in which they claim a part, if not an influence, includes while it goes beyond what was sound in the Renascence.

Yes, but how many are they to whom such things as Home Rule, Free Education, the Newcastle programme, and the rest, have a value chiefly as leading up to "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World"? Who are they that cannot, like so many of their brethren called Liberal, simply "rest and be thankful" because of the rheumatism in their knees, but want to press onward and to make yesterday's smaller thoughts a mere Conservatism out of date? Not the bulk of the electors, we may rely upon it; no, nor of the elected. They are a small company, and, on the whole, an invisible Church; alive, but not much to the front, and born out of due time. This huge, muscular, brawny, thick-headed John Bull is, like Darwin's goose, of a type singularly inflexible. He goes by custom, fashion, flunkeyism, respectability, use and wont, John Doe and Richard Roe, the Court of Queen's Bench, and the Church as by law established. He likes anomalies because there never was a time when he lived without them. He has learned to tolerate Dissent, but it would be ridiculous to imagine that he understands Free Thought. The triumphs of Science are his own, and he makes money by them; yet never did any mortal breathe in a scientific atmosphere less than he does. John is good-natured, and even conscientious. Still, his incapacity for thought has bred in him a slowness to feel with races, or sects, or classes which do not fall easily into his scheme of this world and the next. Hence he has pretty well persecuted all that differed from him, and has done immense mischief in Ireland, India, Africa, East and South London, and wherever he has plumped down with his great weight upon the unhappy natives, whom he has hurt a deal more than, we will hope, he ever intended. John, in fact, gives himself credit for a soft heart. He abhors those brutal Germans and rampant Russians who do not understand the art of subduing the adjacent countries in a peaceable Christian way. To be sure, the natives on whom he bestows his *Pax Britannica* seem to die out before it, or make loud complaint, and are seldom grateful; while some of them have positively rebelled or emigrated to get free from him. But John remains as convinced as ever that they do not know what is for their own good. He is quite sincere—only, may we say, a little stupid? But, then, he has never professed to understand "sentimental grievances," and he thunders forth to his subject realms by the mouth of many newspapers the sort of language that Coriolanus flung at his despised Romans. Yet his heart melts when they sigh to him, from Connaught or Bengal, that they are starving, that "dogs must eat, and hunger breaks stone walls." Then John organises relief-committees, and goes a-touring in Connemara. It is all very well; but man does not live by bread alone, which

is the utmost this hulking fellow can bestow to repair his blunders. Man lives, in fact, by something which all the island economics will not purchase; he lives by ideas. And John Bull might do worse than set himself to look about for some.

But this would be worse than Sir Edward Watkin's tunnel. It would let the whole Continent loose upon our inbred, our sacred conservatism. The Church would be in danger, and no mistake. The pillars of society—ah, we have heard enough of their tremblings, and have seen how they would shake, in Ibsen's play! Would any single one of our institutions survive amid the waters of this deluge? Our Courts of Chancery and Divorce, our Peerage and Baronetage, our Squire and Parson—to what sanctuary could they flee when summoned at the bar of thought—ancient or modern—for the purpose of justifying, not their origin (which is intelligible enough) but their further existence in so changed a world? Fortunately, the appeal to reason, to ideas and ideals, though it may be German, French, Italian, or Greek, is not in the least English. Among this people, to quote Cardinal Newman again, "so impatient of enquiry, so careless of abstract truth, so apathetic to historical fact, so contemptuous of foreign ideas," it is no wonder if the speculative, the architectonic genius does not grow, seeing that they hold it in so little honour. Let a man as great as Edmund Burke expound to them with all his depth and fertility the constitution under which they live, and they will call him the "dinner-bell." If he wants an audience, if he hungers for applause, he must rail at the French Revolution; then George III. will take him to his heart, and society will welcome him as a saviour. Look, nevertheless, at what happened just because Burke and his English contemporaries failed to grasp the creative ideas of their own day. The Revolution was checked, but not vanquished; and, after a century of explosive movements, we are now standing face to face with a world-wide Democracy, which no Edmund Burke will persuade into the old paths. A hundred years have been lost, but the *ancien régime* has not been saved. It is gone or going, and all that remains for John Bull is to consider how he will accept the ideas which he swore should never come under his roof. For they have crossed the Channel, in spite of his insular ramparts; and it is their presence in every class of society which is disarraying parties, throwing politics into confusion, and giving whatever substance they possess to the phenomena called Socialism and Anarchy. Our islander will have to live *with* ideas, whether he likes it or no. Had he not better try, while there is yet time, to live *by* them? B.

REVIEWS.

A TORY ON CONSERVATISM.

THE EARL OF DERBY. By George Saintsbury. ("The Queen's Prime Ministers" Series.) London: Sampson Low & Co.

MR. SAINTSBURY was born a hundred years too late. His political opinions might have harmonised with those of many persons in the closing decade of the eighteenth century. Till we read his book we thought that they were obsolete at the present time. He is careful to tell us that he writes "from the point of view of a Tory"; and he defines a Tory to mean "a person who would, at the respective times and in the respective circumstances, have opposed Catholic Emancipation, Reform, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and the whole Irish legislation of Mr. Gladstone." But this preliminary explanation is really unnecessary. "Conservatism" with Mr. Saintsbury is "a wishy-washy word . . introduced under evil auspices." Rotten and corrupt boroughs find in him an advocate: and even the Abolition of Slavery—a measure "to which *le cant Britannique* made most people declare themselves friendly"—was carried by "faddists, beggared many deserving persons, ruined one of the fairest parts of (British) Colonial territory, and rather damaged than improved the prospects and character of the Negro race." We have heard it said of the Carlton Club that you might find in it every shade of opinion except the original article. We do not know whether Mr. Saintsbury belongs to this institution. If he does, its members may still congratulate themselves that one specimen of the original article survives among them.

The personal opinions of authors are not always of primary importance. Most writers of biography make their heroes speak instead of speaking for them. But the personal opinions of Mr. Saintsbury obtrude themselves on every page. His book is not so much a biography of Lord Derby as a series of reflections on Lord Derby's career. In one sense we ought to be thankful for it. When we are told bluntly that "such a revolution as Catholic Emancipation, or the Repeal of the Corn Laws, or either of the three Reform Bills which have become law, can never be carried or carried out by a Tory party without inconsistency," or "a temporary putting of principle in the pocket, if not a temporary denial of principle," we feel that we are usefully reminded what Conservatism means. A genuine Tory at once acknowledges that the three chief measures which this country owes to Conservative Ministries should have been resisted by Conservatives to the bitter end.

Yet, though we feel grateful to Mr. Saintsbury for his frank avowal, we cannot help feeling that Lord Derby suffers from the resolute Toryism of his biographer. Whatever Lord Derby was, he was not a Tory of the Saintsbury type. He supported Emancipation and Reform, two out of the three Revolutions which Mr. Saintsbury thinks no Tory can help to carry without putting his principles into his pockets. In fact, born a Whig, introduced to office by Canning, and accepting high office under Grey, he was in favour of most, if not all, of the reforms with which the Whigs of the Regency and of the reign of George IV. were identified. Mr. Saintsbury, indeed, claims that he did "more than any single man in fighting the (Reform) Bills of 1831 and 1832 through"—a claim which makes us wonder whether our author has ever referred to his Hansard. But, though Lord Derby had not the share in carrying the Reform Act which attached to Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell, he was undoubtedly largely responsible for much of the legislation of the Grey Ministry. Then, as now, Ireland was the battle-field of parties, and Stanley, as Chief Secretary, shaped the Irish policy—both in administration and legislation—of the Whig Government. The Abolition of Slavery was the measure for which, after the Reform Act, the Whig Ministry is chiefly recollected; and Stanley, as Colonial Secretary, conducted that great act of justice through the House of Commons. Thus he made his name, as a member of a Whig Government, responsible for, and instrumental in, carrying Whig measures; and though he was destined ultimately to succeed to higher rank, and to occupy on three occasions the first place in an Administration, he, perhaps, never enjoyed so much popularity, or achieved so much distinction, as he acquired under Lord Grey.

For the truth was that, though on a certain class of measures he was as Liberal as most of his contemporaries, on all matters relating to property he was instinctively Conservative. In consequence, when questions affecting property arose he parted from the Whigs, just as afterwards he parted from Peel. It was, perhaps, natural that he should be Conservative on such points. If Nature had endowed him with qualities which enabled him to shine in the Senate, the law of primogeniture had made him a great landlord. He displayed throughout his career what a Liberal would call the prejudices of his class; or, as Conservatives would put it, an instinctive desire to stand up for his order. Even in abolishing

slavery he provided full compensation for those who had property in slaves. He proved in 1833 that he was quite ready to reform the Irish Church: as a matter of fact, he drove High Church Tories to despair by abolishing ten Irish bishoprics at a stroke. But he resigned office in 1834 in preference to admitting that the revenues of sees and livings, which he was ready to extinguish or absorb, could by any possibility be appropriated to any uses outside those of the Church. In the same way, he parted from Peel in 1845 from dislike of a measure of Free Trade which his good sense must have told him had been made inevitable by famine, but which he thought injurious to the landed classes. In short, though on other questions, whether they affected the suffrage, or trade, or labour, he was as Liberal as most of his contemporaries, on all matters relating to property he stood firm as a great landlord in defence of the interests of his class.

This circumstance, however natural, was unfortunate for Lord Derby's reputation. It forced him to secede from Lord Grey in 1834, and to part from Sir R. Peel in 1845. The Minister who retires from a party, however, is not likely to find himself at the head of a majority. In 1834, Lord Derby only carried with him a handful of followers. The "Derby Dilly" could hold them all. In 1845, indeed, the bulk of the Conservatives accepted his leadership. But the party had been irreparably injured by the separation from Peel. For nearly thirty years it never acquired a majority in the House of Commons, and, though Lord Derby became thrice Prime Minister, he owed on each occasion his position to the internal divisions of his opponents, and not to the strength of his own following. In such circumstances, he could not have been expected to make his mark in legislation. And it is to his credit that each of his Ministries should have been memorable for at least one striking legislative achievement—the Militia Bill of 1852, the Indian Bill of 1858, and the Reform Bill of 1867.

We are not going to follow Mr. Saintsbury in some of his criticisms on Lord Derby's career, or to inquire whether Lord Derby should have accepted office in 1845, 1851, and 1855, or whether he should have resigned office immediately after the defeat of his Reform Bill in 1859. Nor are we going to deal at any length with Mr. Saintsbury's account of Lord Derby's share in the "leap in the dark" in 1867. Mr. Saintsbury has admittedly no original information on the subject, and his account we believe to be far from accurate. If our information is correct, the Reform Bill of 1867 was prepared by an eminent Civil Servant of the Crown, and was offered to Lord Russell's Ministry before it was accepted by Lord Derby's Cabinet. The merit of devising the original scheme belongs to no party in the State; the merit of accepting it may attach to Lord Derby, just as the merit of converting it into its ultimate shape is unquestionably Mr. Gladstone's.

The Reform Bill of 1867 is, in one sense, Lord Derby's chief legislative achievement. The "leap in the dark" led to consequences which, if Lord Derby had survived, he would probably have regarded as very dark indeed. But, notwithstanding this measure at the close of his career, and the abolition of slavery almost at the beginning of it, Lord Derby will not be recollected as a great legislator. He was one of the greatest orators, rather than one of the greatest Ministers, of the present reign. His command of language, his powers of exposition, his readiness in reply, made him a great debater, while presence, voice, and culture set off and adorned his speeches. Yet we have sometimes thought that Lord Derby's speeches sounded better than they read. The construction is occasionally too involved; the language is frequently too florid; and the reader longs for the shorter sentences and purer diction of Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Bright. Lord Derby's speeches, too, are inspired rather by the fire of the gladiator than the thought of the statesman. Perhaps for this reason they have never been republished, and posterity, which still reads the speeches of some of Lord Derby's contemporaries, neglects his own.

If, however, Lord Derby cannot be included in the small company of great statesmen, if

> "The brilliant chief, irregularly great,"

was a fighting gladiator rather than a thoughtful Minister, he had qualities which undoubtedly made him conspicuous as a man. He was not only a great landlord, he was a type of the best men among his class. Like Palmerston, he had the tastes of a country gentleman. His love of sport clung to him throughout his career, and he would probably have willingly resigned any chance of receiving the Garter from the Queen if he could have won the Blue Riband of the Turf with Toxophilite in 1858. But on the turf, as at Westminster, there was nothing unworthy about him. He deserved Lord Lytton's compliment—

> "Prompt to the rash—revolting from the mean."

His tastes, his character, and his pursuits qualified him to lead the Tory party of his time, and perhaps from the days of Pitt downwards the Tories never had a more brilliant leader.

THE MEDIÆVAL ENGLISH VILLAGE.

Villainage in England. Essays in English Mediæval History. By Paul Vinogradoff. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

We are upon our trial. Most of us who cannot plead birth in a pre-scientific age have been taught to profess some scorn for "drum-and-trumpet" history, and even some suspicion that Whig and Tory history does but flit over the surface of national life. But are we really ready for a social and economic history which will be in a large measure a plough and dung-cart history? That remains to be seen.

What is plain enough already is that we have here a book of a kind new in England—a patient endeavour to reconstruct the English village of the later Middle Ages; to analyse the condition of the peasantry, their duties, their rights, their relation to their lords and to the State; to detect the processes which are making for their emancipation on the one hand, for their depression and servitude on the other. A book of a kind new in England, we say, for though its Russian author is careful to represent his work as having been done in a field that was prepared by the labour of others, still one look at its pages will show us that in its thoroughness and its elaboration it is very unlike anything that has preceded it. He has really grappled with the first-hand evidence. He has stood knee-deep in the dusty documents of the thirteenth century; has ransacked libraries and muniment-rooms; has searched and sorted, weighed and appraised. All this he has done not as an antiquarian hunting for curiosities, not as a sociologist on the outlook for lucky proofs of foregone conclusions, but as an historian bringing for the first time a whole side of English life within the range of exact and sober science. He has tried to do for England what Maurer and Inama-Sternegg and Lamprecht and many others have tried to do for Germany. To put it another way, he has carried into the deep seams of agricultural life those methods of severe research which hitherto in this country have penetrated but little deeper than the "constitutional" strata. That his book will at once find many readers we cannot safely say. Some will be repelled by its erudition. Many of us in our heart of hearts still prefer drum and trumpet, or Whig and Tory, to the drab tale of plough and dung-cart, of boon-days and law-days. But of ultimate success there can be no doubt. For a long time to come no one will be entitled to talk about the English village of the Middle Ages who does not know this book well, text, notes, and appendices; and when some time hence we reckon up the debts that England owes to her foreign historians, no name, not though

it be that of Gneist or of Ranke, will have a clear right to be named before that of Vinogradoff.

As yet, however, we have but part of what he means to give us. In the present volume he deals in the main only with the thirteenth century, or (to allow for a fringe) the time that lies between 1150 and 1350. Of the earlier ages, he has already said something in a short treatise written in Russian and published in 1887. He promises us essays in our English language on the Norman and pre-Norman periods. Thus he is writing his history backwards. Following Mr. Seebohm's example, he is working "from the known to the unknown." And it is not in this particular only that Mr. Seebohm's influence is manifest. Vinogradoff has a high opinion of that spirited and able book, "The English Village Community," and is in some sort making an answer to it—an elaborate answer.

In Mr. Seebohm's eyes the history of our peasantry may be briefly summed up as the history of a secular progress from slavery to freedom. To start with, we have the Roman villa, with its slaves and its *coloni;* here is the origin of the village community. In the thirteenth century its members are struggling upwards towards liberty; slavery has become villainage. No, replies Vinogradoff:—Examine your thirteenth century carefully, and, even without looking at the documents of an earlier time, you will be convinced that this theory can hardly be true; that there has not been this steady amelioration; that, on the contrary, mighty forces have been depressing large classes of the peasantry, and depriving them of a freedom that they once enjoyed. No doubt there have been eddies, backwaters, even tidal waves, in the stream of history. We can no more represent it as having flowed steadily from liberty to slavery than we can represent it as having flowed steadily in the opposite direction. Already, for example, in the thirteenth century, the strong centralised State is beginning to assert that it has direct claims upon all its subjects, be they bond or be they free, and already lawyers have taught themselves to say that all men are free by nature. Still, look at the law of the time and the facts of the time; look patiently, and you will not doubt that of late large masses of the tillers of the soil have been slipping into serfage. The ordinary villager, the *villanus*, has been becoming a serf, a *servus* or *nativus* in Latin, a *serf* or *nief* in French. And as with the individual villager, so with the village community. Not only has it been losing an independence that it once had, it has also been losing a control over its own members and over their land—if indeed in the past that land has not rather been its land than their land.

All this is argued point by point; and so far as it concerns the legal and economic position of the individual villain, the argument seems to triumph all along the line. Vinogradoff is at his best when he is dealing with law. Hitherto the "libertarians," if we may call them so, have been content to turn discussion from what might seem a weak point in their case by some phrase about "Romanising pedantry" or the like. Our Russian historian sees that this is to betray the citadel. Lawyers may torture facts, put a false colour on facts, but it would have been absolutely impossible for them to treat as servile great classes of men that were thoroughly free. In particular, it is nonsense to suppose that the mediæval lawyers were doing this, when at every turn they were declaring and enforcing a presumption "in favour of liberty." No, says Vinogradoff in effect, the legal theory of villainage is the strong suit of the libertarian. It is not a theory in the air; it is solidly founded on the concrete of economic facts. But observe it closely. From a distance you see the severe, classical outlines of Roman slavery. Approach it, and its simplicity has vanished. It is a rambling mediæval building, with hardly a straight line in it. The architects, one sees, were all for chastity and classicality; but the site on which they built, the materials which they had to use, were patient of nothing but the grotesque. The lawyers cannot go through with their theory; it will suit many, but by no means all, of the facts; they twist it, they tinker it. Even now, if you watch them narrowly, you will see them twisting and tinkering, abandoning one test of servitude to adopt another, which in its turn will soon prove itself inept. With no desire to do what is unjust, with a professed, with a real, respect for liberty, they are making men serfs who were not serfs. At all cost they must make things clear and reasonable, and their rationalism can only be satisfied at the expense of those who are economically weak and politically insignificant.

We could write much more and yet leave as much again to be said. Slowly but surely this book will stamp its mark upon all that will be best in English historical literature. It will be valued for the results that it secures; it will be valued still more highly for the method that it displays. Let no one think that it is the book of the intelligent foreigner who, having seen some English villages, has made some suggestive and brilliant remarks about them, remarks that may easily be turned to account in current controversies now that the agricultural labourer has become interesting. It is solid history of the best type. No doubt its author, as a Russian, has had over Englishmen the advantage of being able to compare our mediæval villainage with something that in his own country is not yet an old tale; but he has had over Englishmen (we are sorry that this must be said) the almost incomparably greater advantage of knowing thoroughly well what has been done for social and legal history in Germany and in France. We are now without excuse if this book be not the model for many others.

AN HISTORIC IRISH FAMILY.

THE O'CONORS OF CONNAUGHT. An Historical Memoir. By the Right Hon. Charles Owen, the O'Conor Don. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co., Grafton Street.

THE history of Ireland is, to a singular degree, the history of her great families, and of the greater Irish families there is none which possesses more historic significance than the O'Conors; that is to say, the O'Conors of Connaught, for there were other houses bearing the same name, but of far less importance in Irish history. For many centuries before the Norman conquest the head of this family was King of Connaught. When Strongbow landed in Ireland an O'Conor was King of Ireland, and for nearly three centuries after that event even the English state papers recognised the reigning O'Conor as *Rex Connactiæ*. Though split up into three separate houses, viz., O'Conor Don, O'Conor Roe, and O'Conor Sligo, the clan played a great part in the stormy 16th century as well as in the semi-political, semi-religious wars of the 17th. During the 18th and 19th centuries, and down to our own time, the O'Conor Don, as one of the principal country gentlemen and territorial magnates of the West of Ireland, each in his own generation, has borne his full share in the social and political life of the country. The present head of the house (who is also the author of the excellent memoir which lies before us) was removed from the representation of Roscommon at the General Election of 1880, and an ancient Presbyterian clergyman not overloaded with sense thrust into his place. An Anglo-Irish Wicklow squire bade the O'Conor not to meddle in Irish politics! The head of the other great Western house, the chief of the Clanricarde de Burgoes, has been "campaigned" by his own tenants. "The old order changeth" and the day of great houses is very far spent.

This memoir of the O'Conors has been a labour of love to the author, and bears throughout marks of the greatest care, of industry in the collection and fidelity in the relation of the facts. Here and there we perceive a lack of historical acumen, but hardly ever detect the slightest error, and never an unfairness. It is a faithful and veracious work upon whose accuracy historical students can rely, nor will

they be displeased to find that the author has furnished them with a complete index and also brightened his narrative by a number of happily selected illustrations. It cannot, however, be said that Nature and education have furnished the author with literary genius, or even with literary skill. The history of the O'Conor family, emerging dimly from the darkness, or rather the vast luminous haze of legend and fable which veils the origin of the race, and thence flowing forward in alternate gloom and sunshine, glory and shame, through nigh two thousand years, at all times in close contact and occasionally blending with, sometimes even absorbing, the history of the island, suggests certain emotions which this historian can hardly have felt, and certainly does not by his treatment succeed in imparting to the reader. The style is throughout resolutely pedestrian; it does not quicken with animation as it tells of the ascent of the O'Conors to monarchy, how young Turlough O'Conor stepped across the Shannon despising the provincial dignities with which his ancestors had been satisfied and struck boldly for the Ard-Righship of the whole island: it does not falter or betray the least sympathy with the gradual decline and fall of that house before the rising star of the Anglo-Norman de Burgoes. The style is bald and wooden to a singular degree. The author is just as animated when he tells how his grandfather mortgaged Bally-this and Maghera-that, as when he records epoch-making battles and brings forward characters of heroic dignity and historic significance. Then, too, as might be expected—for the style always betrays the man—he has not a quick eye for those traits of character or for those *minutiæ* which help to brighten history, and through which, as through windows, we can see for a moment the actual world of the past, and feel, however transiently, that it was alive. Sometimes—so charged is the book with strange uncouth names, of which nothing, or almost nothing, is recorded—the attention of the most resolute reader, after serving divers notices, quite strikes work, and the Murroughs, Turloughs, Teigues, and Brians swim before the eye like so many black spots. Yet the *ana* which another sort of writer might collect in abundance while travelling over the same ground would, if properly utilised, render the history of the O'Conors not a mere solid work of reference, but a fascinating tale, with a sort of epical continuity and coherence.

The O'Conor Don commences his narrative with those far-off figures, alleged Kings of Ireland who preceded the advent of Christianity, Conn of the Hundred Battles, Cormac Mac Art, Nial of the Nine Hostages, etc., but writes as if he were ashamed of the mass of glowing semi-legendary literature which revolves round those names. Irishmen have been so often laughed at for taking the bardic histories as true, that they have come at last to think it a disgrace to be the possessors of a great primitive and imaginative literature. The O'Conor Don rids himself as fast as he can of those worthies, and settles down to solid work amongst the indubitably historic names which yet show such a tendency to swim before the eye in the form of black spots. Yet of these pre-Christian ancestors of his some things are recorded which are not legendary, and which are curiously suggestive. For example, take the following account of the death of the Pagan King, Fiechra—a name which, in the text, rivals the proverbial Abracadabra as a name discharged of all meaning. Through it, as through one of those windows of which we have spoken, we look in upon a very singular world indeed, a world in which we can imagine the good genius of Ireland calling aloud for the advent of the Christian missionaries. Nevertheless, here at least we see men, and not typographical blots.

"Fiechra with his people marched into Munster to collect his tribute which was denied to him by that Province. Then the men of Munster gave him battle at Kenry (co. Limerick), and Maidi Mescorac wounded Fiechra mortally in the battle. Nevertheless they and the Ernai were defeated by dint of fighting and suffered a great slaughter. Then Fiechra carried away fifty hostages out of Munster together with his tribute in full and set forth on his march to Tara. Now when they reached Forraid, in the country of the children of Mac-cuas (Westmeath), Fiechra died there of his wound. There his grave was dug, and his mound raised, and his *cluiché cainte* (which involved funeral rites, cremation, dirges, and games) were ignited, and his *ogham* name was inscribed, and the hostages whom he had brought from the South were *buried alive around his tomb* (Book of Ballymote, Fol. 145, B.B.)."

OLD ENGLISH GARDENS.

THE FORMAL GARDEN IN ENGLAND. By Reginald Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas. London: Macmillan & Co.

RECULER pour mieux sauter is the sentiment of this book. It arraigns the modern "natural" garden; it bids us imitate the "formal" garden of our forefathers. The old gardener was the architect; his work was essentially artistic, exhibiting symmetry, restraint, balance; he considered the garden in its relation to the mansion, extending to it the principles of design which governed the structure of his building. The natural or landscape gardener ignored the house, gloried in absence of design, obeyed an uneducated eye and an untraditional "taste," justified the witty epigram:—"Rien n'est plus facile que de dessiner un jardin Anglais; on n'a qu'à enivrer son jardinier, et à suivre sa trace." The principle of the indictment is sound; as regards the majority of present gardens the satire is not excessive; nor can any reprobation be too strong for the vandalism which in many old English demesnes has replaced the quaint and time-honoured primitive gardens by rambling shrubberies, purposeless and narrow paths, lawns intricate with pustulous eruptions of uninteresting and ephemeral exotics. On the other hand, the author might have admitted that modern horticultural development involves a corresponding expansion of the old structural ideals; and might also have recognised the reverent wisdom with which some at least of our designers are endeavouring to embody and adapt the spirit of mediæval gardenry.

The polemics of the book are confined to the opening and closing chapters: it is as an exhaustive study of the old English garden, appropriately printed and profusely illustrated, that we welcome it to a place in our literature not hitherto filled. While the old Roman garden of Lucullus, Cæsar, Pliny, was revived in Italy, theatricalised in France, travestied in Holland, the English garden was indigenous. With the opening of the fifteenth century come the charming lines in the "King's Quhair" descriptive of the Windsor Garden, to which Mr. Blomfield adds a fine illumination from a "Romaunt of the Rose" MS. We have drawings or minute accounts of Wolsey's garden at Hampton Court, Henry VIII.'s at Nonsuch, Lord Burleigh's at Theobald's, the Earl of Leicester's at Kenilworth, Sir William Temple's at Moor Park. Elaborate works on the art of "how to dress, sowe, and sett a garden" are extant from the pens of Didymus Mountaine, Gervase Markham, William Lawson, Isaac de Caux, Evelyn; while Logan's illustrations have preserved the older gardens of Oxford and Cambridge, now, without exception, swept away.

It would not be difficult to reconstruct a typical seventeenth-century garden. In front of the mansion would be the forecourt, walled in on every side, and entered by a gate of graceful *clairvoyée* ironwork; to the left of it the bass court, including offices and stables; to the right the pleasaunce, stretching past the windows of parlours and withdrawing-rooms; behind the house a fruit and vegetable garden. The windows open on a wide terrace, below which the flower-garden would be laid out, with boundary-wall masked by rosemary, paths straight and wide dividing knots and parterres filled with flowers, bowling-greens confined by high pleached hedge of yew or hornbeam; fishpond with regular, green, sloping banks, crossed, if of large dimensions, by a graceful bridge. Fountains would sparkle in the sun, dials terminate the terrace, gazebos or summer-

houses flank the outer walls, high marble vases, surrounded by obelisks of brilliant hollyhocks, would stand in the centre of the larger beds. Hot-houses were unknown till later, and were long used as winter nurseries only. Cowper's historic greenhouse at Olney is a mere shed, with a window of no great size. The famous gardener of the closing century was London, who laid out Longleat, superintended the royal gardens, wrote "The Retired Gardener," and popularised the pretty Irish saxifrage still known as "London" Pride. With the reign of William and Mary the change began. Switzer, London's pupil, was the first to confuse the landscape and the garden. Bridgman levelled the high boundary wall, and abandoned verdant sculpture. Kent, fussy and affected, reproduced Claude's and Poussin's landscapes with solid earth for canvas. "Capability" Brown, a kitchen gardener by trade, "embellished" Castle Howard, Blenheim, Nuneham, on the principle that knowledge hampers originality. Wheatley transplanted into France *le jardin anglais*. Sir Uvedale Price, judiciously eclectic, curbed to some extent the naturalistic mania, though he could not undo the ruin which his predecessors had wrought.

The gardens of the present century are for the most part neither natural nor formal. They are entrusted ordinarily to the nurseryman, who constructs them with a single eye to the exploitation of his floral stock. There are encouraging symptoms of a reaction. Lawn-tennis has restored to us the beauty of unbroken turf; old English flowers, improved by cultivation, and successively aflame from April till October, are threatening the massed littleness of calceolaria, geranium, lobelia; æsthetes have brought back the sunflower, and recognised the beauty of the double marigold. Recovering the jewels of ancestral gardens, we shall ere long revive their setting; in cemetery, London square, People's Park, the garden will be once more, as Walter Scott called it, "the child of art"; the cynical sarcasm of Voltaire will be the motto alike of public grounds, of stately mansions, and of modest homes—*Cultivons notre jardin.*

ENGLISH AND IRISH VERSE.

THE VIOLET CROWN, AND SONGS OF ENGLAND. By Rennell Rodd. London: David Stott.

ON LONELY SHORES, AND OTHER POEMS. By James Leigh Joynes. London: Chiswick Press.

LAYS OF COUNTRY, HOME, AND FRIENDS. By Ellen O'Leary. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker.

BOGLAND STUDIES. By J. Barlow. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

A GARDEN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Francis Towndrow. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

POEMS. By A. G. R. London: Chiswick Press.

CONCERNING CATS. Poems, selected by Graham R. Tomson. Cameo Series. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

AT a time when mastery of the poet's craft is commoner than it ever was, it is no despicable achievement to attain a reputation for easy skill. Such a reputation Mr. Rodd deservedly enjoys. Even readers who may be unacquainted with his books are not likely to forget his "Ballad of the Armada," which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1888. Its ringing verse, its sincere patriotism, and the power with which the details of the fight are grasped and presented, and that without marring its poetical value, stamp it as the best of the new ballads on the subject. This is without any prejudice to Mr. Swinburne's sounding Armada poem: it is not a ballad. Of the other "Songs of England" in Mr. Rodd's book, the best is the "Burial of Drake." Better, perhaps, than his English poems are the memorials of ancient and modern Greece in the first part of the volume. When the reader, jealous of the reputation of a poet he is beginning to like, comes on a speech by Odysseus, he begins it with some tremor, remembering Tennyson; but he does not make the comparison: the stately music of Mr. Rodd's verse is satisfying. The last quatrain of "Tænaron," the poem in which Odysseus's speech occurs, is most magical. It would, however, be futile to quote it—in effect as disappointing as it would be to play the last chords of Mendelssohn's "Barcarole" to one who did not know the whole. "Zalongos," a poem in which Mr. Rodd uses with much freedom the neglected measure of Scott and Byron, narrates one of the most romantic episodes in the story of the mountain commonwealth of Suli. On the heights of Zalongos the women of Suli, unable otherwise to escape the hands of Turkish ravishers, danced for the last time the Syrtos dance, and

> . . . "Ever as the ring wound round
> Towards the bastion's outer bound,"

a woman leapt over into space, and the dance and song continued until the last plunged headlong. Mr. Rodd's book would be worth having if it were only for his splendid account of this incident. He is more than a poetical craftsman; he is a poet.

Mr. Joynes is a writer of correct and pleasant verse. "Impatience" dallies gracefully with the innocence of love; "The Witch's Tryst" takes high rank as a *genre* picture; and "Failure" is a good-hearted poem. The intentional imitations of Shelley and Mr. Swinburne, not being so good as the originals, should hardly have been published, though, doubtless, the author found them useful exercises. "The Landscape Painter" is the story of the Lord of Burleigh told by his disappointed rival. It is not convincing. We know of only one popular poem the story of which has been successfully retold from a different standpoint: Leigh Hunt's "Glove and the Lions" will survive only as a wrong version of Browning's "The Glove." Mr. Joynes anticipates that his book will be "too deeply damned to dread the judgment-day." We think not; whenever his ear gets free of the sound of the verse of others he has a recognisable note of his own.

Miss O'Leary died while her book of poems was passing through the press. She was a noble Irishwoman, who put her hopes and fears for Ireland and for her friends into simple songs, which the most uneducated may feel, and which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy found "warm with the sunshine and wet with the dew of Munster." They take their colour and character from the scenes where they were conceived, and their main charm lies in their perfect sincerity and naturalness. An appendix contains a few poems of much merit and promise by Miss O'Leary's brother, Arthur, who died in early manhood. Mr. T. W. Rolleston writes an interesting introduction.

Another Irish poetess, Miss Jessie Barlow, has produced in "Bogland Studies" a book of exceptional ability. The poems are written in dialect, and for humour and homely pathos are not surpassed by anything we have read for a long while. One of the most remarkable characteristics of this new writer is her sympathy with old age. In this she reminds us of Miss Wilkins, although in strength and breadth her work excels that American writer's, and recalls Bret Harte's. But Miss Barlow's idylls are as original as they are attractive. She has distinct dramatic gifts, and her descriptive work is always excellent.

Mr. R. F. Towndrow's "A Garden" and "A. G. R.'s" "Poems" are meritorious volumes. The verse in both is generally smooth and careful; but there is no perceptible reason why "A. G. R." should not have written Mr. Towndrow's pieces, and Mr. Towndrow "A. G. R.'s."

Mrs. Graham R. Tomson's collection is a charming volume. It contains verses old and new, stately and trifling; poems in the English of the eighteenth century, in the Scotch vernacular, in Cornish and in Darkie dialects, all "Concerning Cats." Several French poems, by Baudelaire, Gautier, and others, too subtle to translate, have been included in their original form. There are eulogies, elegies, apostrophes, legends, and poems, from Pussy's point of view, as well as from that of her patrons. We must not forget to mention the nursery rhymes.

FICTION.

1. In the Roar of the Sea: A Tale of the Cornish Coast. By S. Baring-Gould. Three vols. London: Methuen & Co.
2. In a Steamer Chair: and other Shipboard Stories. By Robert Barr. One vol. London: Chatto & Windus.

"In the Roar of the Sea" is without doubt one of the best novels that Mr. Baring-Gould has yet given us. His bright humour, his able treatment of wild and romantic scenes, his strange, poetical melancholy, his brilliant analysis of character, are well exemplified in these volumes. As the reader puts the book down—which he will not do until he has finished it—he recalls a series of figures, clear, vivid, living. It hardly seems to him that he has met them in a book, but rather that he has lived among them on the coast of Cornwall in the beginning of the present century. He has seen the signals flashed out from the shore, and answered by the smuggler's vessel, lying in wait for the opportunity. He has been present at the councils of the preventive men. He has sipped port in the rectory dining-room with two most humorous and villainous "dilapidators"; one represents the "orphings" of the deceased parson, and the other represents the incoming rector; but in their valuations for dilapidations both of them think first, and think dishonestly, of their own interests. However, Captain Coppinger interferes on behalf of the "orphings," yet he is generally known as "Captain Cruel," and he is justly accused of many horrible crimes. He is a strong character, of a kind that inevitably wears a slouched hat and rides a black mare. He is the terror of the neighbourhood, bold and unscrupulous. Why, then, does he interfere on behalf of the parson's orphans? One of the orphans is Judith, the heroine of the story, brave, gentle, and beautiful. Coppinger hopes to win her. It is with the progress of his suit and with its fatal termination that the story is concerned. Judith is the kind of heroine that will hold the reader's sympathies from the first page, where he finds her "seated in the parsonage garden in a white frock, with a pale green sash about her waist, leaning back against the red-brick wall, her glowing copper hair lit by the evening sun," until the last chapter of the story; but she would have been more perfect if she had shown some imperfection. Her brother, Jamie, a half-witted boy to whom Judith is devoted, is drawn with great truth and tenderness. Mr. Baring-Gould possesses the rare gift of suggesting a whole character in one illuminative line of dialogue. Take, for instance, Mr. Menaida's maid, Jump. She simply says, "I du love a proper muddle cruel bad, I du," and we at once feel that we see her and know her. We have only hinted at the subject of this book; if we had given the sketch of the entire plot, we should still have failed to give any idea of its charm. It is full of impressive contrasts, of dramatic scenes, of admirable descriptive writing. The blot on the book lies in the last chapter. It is inartistic, and reads as if the author had suddenly been taken with a contempt for his own work. His comparison of the last chapter of a three-volume novel and a squab pie is clever, but it is very misplaced. Occurring in this last chapter, it seems to be doing its best to overthrow all the conviction which the other chapters have obtained. Nor can we think the last words of the book satisfactory:

> "Were they ever married?
> "That question the reader must decide as he likes."

Nothing could be worse than those words "as he likes." It may be artistic to leave the conclusion of a story in uncertainty; but that is not the way to suggest the uncertainty.

Mr. Robert Barr's "In a Steamer Chair" is a collection of thirteen stories, of which the first occupies about half the book. The incidents all take place during voyages between England and America. Most of the stories are amusing, some of them are sentimental, and one at least is ghastly; all are readable, and we should think that the book would make a very pleasant companion for a voyage. The best and strongest thing in the book is "Mrs. Tremain." "The trouble about this story," writes Mr. Barr, "is that it really has no ending. Taking an ocean voyage is something like picking up an interesting novel and reading a chapter in the middle of it. The passenger on a big steamer gets glimpses of other people's lives, but he doesn't know what the beginning was nor what the ending will be." The story which gives its title to the book would, by the way, have been much better if its commonplace conclusion had been omitted. Mr. Barr writes with much geniality and humour, and he gives the impression that his experience of men and things is considerable.

JESUIT MEDITATIONS.

The Passage of our Lord to the Father. By Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates.

This volume, we understand, is the last of a long series published by Father Coleridge—a well-known Jesuit writer and brother of the Lord Chief Justice—as chapters of meditation on the four Gospels. In cast and temper it is devotional, and as such, of course, we do not propose to criticise it. Those for whom it is intended will doubtless appreciate the author's fervent, if somewhat formal, piety, and will be capable of estimating his acquaintance with the topics which he handles. To the general reader, should the book happen to fall in his way, it will suggest some curious reflections. He will be put in mind, not once but often, of that famous saying about "the insane licence of affirmation," which, it is only too clear, Mr. Coleridge has never laid to heart. He will wonder at the incessant mingling of history and legend, the frequent quotations from Spanish mystics, and the complete disregard, from the first page to the last, of recent Bible criticism and the problems which cluster round it. Perhaps he will turn away not edified, but enlightened as to certain of the causes which have given rise to the prevalent agnosticism. It does not appear that Mr. Coleridge has ever heard of Strauss, Renan, or Pfleiderer—or that he would alter one line of his argument though he had done so. The author, we doubt not, has the best of intentions; but he seems never to have considered the difference between fact and fiction, history and mythology. Many, to whom the Christian faith is dear, will judge that writing like his only adds to its difficulties instead of heightening and embellishing its chief characteristics. At any rate, the truth is served only by what is true, and much of the volume before us cannot but appear to be as unfounded and fanciful as in certain details it is odd or grotesque.

JONES AND OTHERS.

The Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXX. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

This volume of the Dictionary of National Biography is, to a considerable extent, in the possession of the clan of Jones, which yields, however, a large proportion of interesting names, notwithstanding a certain monotony arising from the prevalence of Welsh clergymen. Davy Jones and Tom Jones will not be found, but the other member of Macaulay's trio, Sir William Jones, is the subject of a highly interesting article by Mr. H. M. Stephens. An equally renowned personage, Inigo Jones, receives careful treatment in an article by a contributor who has forgotten nothing but his own initials. The leading biographies of the volume, however, are those of two men of letters infinitely apart from each other in everything but celebrity. Samuel Johnson and John Keats are respectively treated by writers who have already made them the subjects of distinct biographies, and are perfectly familiar with every detail of their lives and writings. Accuracy is thus abundantly guaranteed, and the literary tact of Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Sidney Colvin, and] their vital interest in their theme, have obviated the evident risk of a mere *réchauffé* or absolute *caput mortuum*. Both biographies, though crowded with information, are as spirited and vigorous as if the writers had come entirely fresh to the subject. The next literary biography in importance is that of Ben Jonson, by Professor Herford. A highly interesting group of memoirs is formed by the great actors, the Keans and Kembles—with the exception of Adelaide Kemble, who has fallen to the lot of Miss Middleton—from the pen of Mr. Joseph Knight. With them may be named the ancient actor, William Kemp, whose life is minutely investigated by Mr. Sidney Lee. The volume also contains memoirs of four great Churchmen—Cardinal Kemp, Bishop Juxon, Ken, and Keble; of Angelica Kauffmann, the most celebrated, though far from the most eminent, of female painters; of an eminent philologist, J. Mitchell Kemble; and of one of the greatest glories of English physical science, J. B. Joule. It is always a question how far merely literary illustration is admissible in a biographical dictionary, but we could wish that the writer on Mrs. Charles Kemble (Ellen Tree) had found room for Leigh Hunt's felicitous couplet:—

> On this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
> This Tree will return her as good as she brings.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

A GROUP of gracefully written essays by that cultured transatlantic critic Mr. George William Curtis has just reached us in a dainty diminutive volume which bears the familiar title "From the Easy Chair." There are literary and social verdicts in the book, genial reminiscences and fanciful reflections, outspoken comments on men and affairs, and quiet appreciations in literature and art. Memories thicken around a man who has lived from youth to age amid the best intellectual society of his country and his times, and Mr. Curtis can look back upon many stimulating friendships. He has travelled widely, moreover, and there is a cosmopolitan tone about much of his best work in literature. From these pages we may even obtain fresh light on old faces, for Mr. Curtis gives us some vivid and kindly reminiscences not merely of Emerson, Thoreau, and Wendell Phillips, but also of Thackeray, Dickens, and Robert Browning. These are the mutual friends of us all, who gleam out upon us from this pleasant little book; but hardly less attractive are the other utterances of the oracle of the "Easy Chair" when he takes up his parable, and discourses, like the trained expert that he is, on the minor moralities of life.

Mr. Rawnsley has brought together in a small volume of three hundred pages a number of "Notes for the Nile," of uncommon excellence. There are guide-books enough to ancient Egypt, and no lack of records of modern exploration and travel in the land of the Pharaohs. Yet we fail to remember any volume which contrives to give with equal clearness and scholarly skill as much explicit information concerning the characteristics of that seat of old-world learning and civilisation. It was the good fortune of Mr. Rawnsley in one or other of his pilgrimages to Egypt to visit the tombs of the Pharaohs at Medum in the company of Mr. Flinders Petrie, and to become acquainted with the treasures preserved in the Bulak and Gizeh Museums under the guidance of another eminent Egyptologist — Brugsch Bey, author of "Egypt under the Pharaohs." An interesting account is given of the excavations at the Medum pyramid, a spot that was the centre of the religious life of the fourth Egyptian dynasty. A singularly graphic description will also be found in the book of a visit to Thebes. Mr. Rawnsley has translated into English verse some of the odes and dirges of ancient Egypt, and the book ends with felicitous rendering of the precepts of Ptah-hotep, which date in the period of the fifth dynasty, or in other words from B.C. 3366–3266. The Prisse papyrus, on which this illustration of the wisdom of Egypt is inscribed, was discovered at Thebes and is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. It is the oldest papyrus in the world; and yet there is nothing new under the sun. The old moralist Ptah-hotep is believed merely to have gathered and placed on record the sayings of the wise that had been current for centuries before his time. Charity, peacefulness, contentment, truthfulness, temperance, kindness, these are some of the virtues inculcated by this ancient sage. Thirty-three centuries have rolled away since his precepts were written, and yet they have lost nothing of their force. "If thou art a wise man, bring up thy son in the fear of God. Harden not thy heart because of thy rank; remember that thou art only the steward of the good things of God. Put not behind thy neighbour who is as thou once wast, treat him as an equal." Stress is laid in these pages on the ancient Egyptian's hope of immortality, and his faith in the power of good over evil and in the ultimate triumph of the spirit over the material. Mr. Rawnsley has something suggestive to say concerning the art and architecture of a noble race, and the book is marked to an uncommon degree by imaginative insight.

More than twenty years have elapsed since Miss Yonge gathered from the old histories and wrote anew "A Book of Worthies" for the Golden Treasury Series. The original edition has been several times reprinted, and the volume now appears as the latest instalment of the cheap re-issue of the series. In old times, declares Miss Yonge, when brave men had little time to read, they still kept clusters of glorious examples gathered from all times to light them on the way to deeds of virtue. Some of these great examples are included in the present portrait gallery, and each and all of them, in widely different circumstances and in varying degree, were men of heroic mould.

By all means a book to read is "The Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper"—a local celebrity and contemporary "worthy" of Stanstead, Essex. John Wilkins has spent his life between that county and Hertfordshire, and his father was a gamekeeper before him. He tells his story with blunt straightforwardness and genial simplicity. Almost at the outset he describes with a touch of honest pride his first hand-to-hand encounter with a poacher, and later on he gives a graphic account of a bloody fray with a gang of these vagrant sportsmen —an adventure which almost cost him his life. There are some good sporting anecdotes in the book, and not a few shrewd hints about ferrets, hares, rabbits, foxes, the training and management of dogs, and the mysteries of trapping and snaring game. The advice which old John Wilkins has to give on the management of dogs is thoroughly sound, and his detailed instructions —the outcome of fifty-seven years' experience in field and covert —are often as droll as they are suggestive. Every lover of the country should read this book, and sportsmen in particular will find in its realistic pages much that is altogether to their mind.

The series of small books entitled "English History from Contemporary Writers," which Mr. York Powell is editing, seeks to render accessible to young students the pith of the old chronicles and other original authorities on which modern historical research is based. It is, in fact, an attempt to deal with the political and social movements of the nation at a given epoch, somewhat after the manner adopted in a group of books, brought out by Messrs. Hachette, in France, under the editorship of M. Zellas. The new volume is entitled "The Wars of the Roses, 1450-1485," and it is made up of illustrative extracts from State papers, memoirs, letters, and songs of the period, which are chronologically arranged. The Paston letters have of course been placed under requisition, and so has Gregory's Chronicle, whilst writers like Gascoigne, Warkworth, Blackman, and other temporary writers, help the student to understand the stormy restlessness of that age of strife and transition. The idea of the series is admirable, and so far the scheme has been ably carried out. In an appendix a scholarly account is given by Miss Thompson of the authors cited, and the books quoted in the course of this mirror of the times.

Under the rather ambitious title of "The Fairy Ballad Book," a writer who prefers to be known simply as the author of "Endymion's Dream" has retold in verse twenty or thirty of those old romantic legends which carry the child-heart back to Wonderland. In the majority of instances these fairy tales are recounted with creditable skill and grace, though sometimes the mystical element is too pronounced for the comprehension, we fear, of the "little nephew" and other children for whom the book is avowedly intended. The author declares that he makes no pretence to "wit or lore," but only seeks to "freshen old stories heard before." Here once more, in a new guise, appear "The Fisherman and his Wife." "Hans in Luck," "The Frog Prince," "Catskin," "Roland," "The Goose-Girl," and other heroes and heroines of many a winter's tale told to a charmed circle round a nursery fire.

"The Official Guide to the Great Eastern Railway" is a well-arranged and well-illustrated manual, which throws considerable light on a great stretch of country, and gives an interesting account of the historical and biographical associations of a network of towns and villages. The singularly quaint and old-world aspects of life in East Anglia are reflected in a volume which bears marks on every page of conscientious care and personal knowledge. Within recent years there has been a great extension of the Continental service of the Great Eastern Railway, and the closing pages of the book are accordingly concerned with Rotterdam, the Hague, Brussels, and other familiar cities of Holland and Belgium. The book is capitally planned, and abounds in crisp and explicit information, and it is chiefly of the kind which travellers and tourists are likely to appreciate. Scattered through the volume are several excellent maps. We are glad to find that due attention is given in these pages to the picturesque villages and other nooks and corners of East Anglia.

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* FROM THE EASY CHAIR. By George William Curtis. Portrait. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 12mo.

NOTES FOR THE NILE. With a Metrical Rendering of the Hymns of Ancient Egypt. By Hardwicke D. Rawnsley, M.A. London: William Heinemann. Crown 8vo.

A BOOK OF WORTHIES, GATHERED FROM THE OLD HISTORIES. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Golden Treasury Series. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo. (2s. 6d.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH GAMEKEEPER. Edited by Arthur H. Byng and Stephen M. Stephens. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Demy 8vo. (6s.)

THE WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER, 1450–1485. Arranged and Edited by Edith Thompson. Maps. English History of Contemporary Writers. London: David Nutt. 16mo. (1s. 6d.)

THE FAIRY BALLAD BOOK. By the Author of "Endymion's Dream." London: George Bell & Sons. 12mo.

THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. Illustrated. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo.

NOTICE.

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